THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4015

JUNE 18, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SOCIAL TOPSY-TURVY IN JAPAN

THOSE of our readers who have followed our recent articles on Japan will be aware that the conflict between the old and the new and between the East and the West is affecting every aspect of life in the Empire of the Mikado. Some of the incidents which illustrate this are amusing, if not exactly picturesque. Of late the Japanese press has been occupying itself with the manners of the upper classes. A Japanese nobleman recently scandalized public opinion by smuggling a geisha girl into an imperial garden party where the two conducted themselves in what was, according to Japanese standards, a frivolous and unbecoming manner. A still more recent scandal has been occasioned by the ungentlemanly behavior of the guests at the Imperial Cherry Blossoms Party last April. Some highly placed gentlemen 'not only helped themselves freely to the cake, but took away more than they could eat' according to *Jiji*, evidently, as that paper says, 'actuated by a desire to let their families and relatives share with them in the enjoyment of the imperial gifts.' The other papers comment less suavely on the incident, reporting that from 'the moment they were seated, the guests practically fought with each other to pocket all the cake they could.' Indeed, we have the authority of these newspapers for the statement that 'some men highly placed in the government service attacked the sweets with such avidity and enthusiasm that the attendants had great difficulty in keeping the table from being knocked over.' . . . 'Other men, after helping themselves freely, spread out large *furoshiki*, wrapped up what cake remained on the table, and departed apparently well satisfied with their achievement.' Indeed, these Japanese officials seem to be passing through that stage of social evolution which a few decades ago made some senatorial receptions in Washington a place to be shunned by all but the physically fit.

✤

ANTHROPOSOPHY

OCCULTISM has become a subject for philosophical polemics in Germany. It is perhaps not flippant to characterize anthroposophy, the latest manifestation of a movement which has so many passing fashions, as the *dernier cri* of esoteric doctrine. Like most such cults, it derives much from the personality of its founder, Rudolf Steiner, who was born of German peasant par-

Copyright 1921, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entage in Croatia some sixty years ago, and in his younger years was editor of a literary magazine and a lecturer on literary subjects in Berlin. He has gathered a large following and founded a society which may best be described as a variant of the theosophical society. It is organized into lodges and its teachings are more or less secret. The latter have attracted enough attention to be discussed and criticized by philosophers of the standing of Max Dessoir and Hermann Keyserling. Steiner has also been attacked by theologians of distinction and by Johannes Müller, who is just now the most popular evangelist in Germany. The latter characterizes anthroposophy and all allied doctrines as atavistic phenomena and reversions to the spiritual ideas of primitive man.

However this may be, the new cult is entitled to some attention, if only for the wide support and respectful attention it is receiving among Germans of more than average education. A gifted and eloquent Berlin clergyman, Friedrich Rittelmeyer, who has been in close touch with Steiner's doctrines for many years, has just published, in association with nine collaborators, a work of some three hundred and fifty pages, entitled: *Vom Lebenswerk Rudolf Steiners, eine Hoffnung neuer Kultur*, — 'Rudolf Steiner's Life Work, The Promise of a New Civilization,' which those who are curious about such matters, and are sufficient masters of German to follow a rather abstruse discussion in that language, will find an interesting contribution to the literature of mysticism.

✽

YUGO-SLAV SOCIALISTS

Recently the Minister of the Interior at Belgrade in a reply to a Communist attack in Parliament pronounced a bitter indictment upon the Socialist Party. At its last congress it declared in favor of the Third International, and started a revolutionary movement for the purpose of substituting a Soviet government for the existing democratic institutions. The Minister charged the Communists with entering Parliament only to undermine it, with receiving orders from Moscow and money from Russia, Hungary, and America. He said the Communist element was causing strikes, fomenting civil war, and otherwise encouraging disorders and lawlessness. He was able to prove that a Communist had received jewels taken from the Russian treasury and museums, and that the party employed notorious criminals as its agents to stir up disorders in the annexed districts and the neighboring Italian territories. He asserted that a conspiracy to assassinate members of the government had been detected. The Communists denied these charges, but admitted that they were receiving foreign subsidies, and that they propose to use illegal methods.

✽

THE MIGHTY FALLEN

Commenting upon the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of May 1: 'The iron Hindenburg for sale, as a whole or in part, for firewood. Address FF. U. 1350, care of Rudolph Mosse, Berlin W. 8, Leipzig Street 103,' *Die Glocke*, a Socialist weekly, says: 'The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* belongs to Mr. Stinnes. Its editor in chief is Mr. Cuno, one of the most zealous preachers of old-fashioned political morality. We recognize that the editors of this paper have nothing to do with its advertising; but still can anyone imagine *Vorwärts* permitting in its columns an advertisement of a monument of Bebel to be sold as firewood—and above all, "as a whole or in part"? Should not some good German National patriot at least buy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the figure (*puppe*) as a whole?' The reference, as our readers may have seen in the press dispatches, is to the famous wooden statue of Hindenburg set up in Berlin during the war, into which patriotic Germans were permitted to drive nails in return for a contribution to war charities.

✽

ITALY AND HUNGARY

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA devotes an editorial note to the Matthias Corvinus Society, an organization formed last summer to cultivate scientific, literary, artistic, and social intercourse between Hungary and Italy 'and thus to contribute to restoring the bonds between two nations united by a long tradition of friendship and reciprocal esteem.' The society takes its name from one of Hungary's greatest monarchs in the fifteenth century, who was an ally of the Italian republics, and married an Italian princess. Its practical programme is to organize scientific and literary conferences, theatrical representations, and concerts in Hungary and in Italy, to encourage the study of Hungarian in Italy and Italian in Hungary, to arrange for the exchange of university professors, to provide scholarship funds for students of either country attending educational institutions in the other, to support an Italian journal in Budapest, and to promote in various other ways the interest of each country in the intellectual and artistic life of the other.

✽

THE REICHSBANK GOLD

THE DEMAND of the Reparation Commission that the gold reserve of the German Imperial Bank be placed under its control caused astonishment bordering on a panic of hostility in some neutral circles. It was regarded as setting a precedent which might shake confidence in all great national banks. The *Neue Züricher Zeitung* voiced the opinion in saying that the demand 'violates principles which have hitherto been recognized as inviolable by the whole world. . . . The German Imperial Bank is a private institution. It is not a national bank. That fact cannot be shaken. The Imperial Bank is, by its constitution, identical in nature with the Bank of France, or the Swiss National Bank. Its property is not public property. The private title to the bank's resources has been sedulously guarded, in order to protect these, not only from the acquisitiveness of foreign powers, but also from that of the home government. This journal charges the Reparation Commission with attempting to undermine guaranties and rights which are fundamental for the security of international private investments, credits, and transactions.

✽

MINOR NOTES

ALTHOUGH the population of France does not increase, the housing shortage is quite as acute as in Germany, England, and Italy. This is a natural result of the destruction of residences in the devastated areas, and the flocking of refugees and country people to the towns during the war. The laws of France limit the amount of rent which may be charged for tenements, in some instances, to an amount which will yield a net revenue of four per cent upon the investment. Cheap tenements are exempted from the land tax on their sites for twelve years, and from the door and window tax. In some cases cheap building loans are encouraged, the government making up the difference between the low rate of interest charged and the average rate.

ITALIAN machine shops and engineering works are by no means prosperous,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

irrespective of their recent labor troubles. Even under the best conditions, German, Hungarian and Czechoslovak establishments can underbid them. In a recent tender for electrical plant, according to *Economista d'Italia*, the prices demanded by German firms were one-third lower than Italian offers. A contract for equipping a paper mill was given a German firm for two million marks, the equivalent of eight hundred thousand lire, whereas the lowest Italian tender was a million and a quarter lire. Similar results have occurred in other competitive bids for railway rolling stock and aviation plant.

WOMAN suffrage, which received its first test in Belgium and Holland at the late municipal elections, resulted in both countries in strengthening the church influence in the local bodies. In Belgium both the Liberals and Socialists lost ground to the Catholics. In the Dutch city of Amsterdam the Protestant members of the municipal council increased from five to nine, and the Catholic members from seven to eight, while radical Socialists lost several seats. Two freak returns in that city were an anarchist and a drunken beggar. The latter was elected as a protest against the legal obligation to exercise the franchise.

PRESIDENT MASARYK of Czechoslovakia has suggested a public discussion in the Czech and German press of that country of ways and means for improving relations between the two nationalities, and a rumor — which may be official — has it that the inclusion of Germans in the reconstructed cabinet is being considered. The German and Czech Socialists seem to have got together on a more or less harmonious basis. However, the other German parties show an irreconcilable spirit. They have notified President Masaryk of their refusal to take part in any conferences looking to an amelioration of the racial discord in Parliament, and have sent a telegram of congratulation to the Diet of Tyrol on the outcome of a plebiscite in favor of union with Germany.

THE Japanese are discovering with some surprise a fact familiar to economists, that retail prices follow the movement of wholesale prices only tardily and incompletely. Recently Mr. Inouye, Governor of the Bank of Japan, pointed out that while the index number of wholesale prices in that country was 257 as compared with the maximum of 425 during the war and 125 just before the war — the price in January, 1904, being taken as 100 — retail prices were 307 as compared with a maximum of 417 during the war and 128 before the war. Mr. Inouye thought this was explained by the fact that the purchasing power of the people had not yet greatly declined. *Asahi* comments that the explanation is not so simple. Wholesale prices in Japan have fallen precipitately because goods accumulated for speculation have been sacrificed on account of the monetary stringency.

THE final figures of casualties suffered by the forces of the British Empire during the war give the number as 3,266,362 out of 9,496,370 enlistments. Great Britain and Ireland sent more than 6,200,000 men to the war; the Dominions and Colonies 1,600,000, and India 1,700,000. Of those killed in battle, and dying from wounds, nearly three-quarters of a million were from the forces of Great Britain and Ireland; 141,000 from the Dominions, and 61,000 from India. The relative numbers of wounded and prisoners were about the same. India's low casualty list is due to the fact that so many of its enlistments were for labor and auxiliary service.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCORDING to *L'Europe Nouvelle* the death of Cardinal Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore, is a temporal as well as a spiritual loss to the Vatican. Since the war the expenses of the Holy See have rapidly augmented. Assistance given to war prisoners and relief to the sick children of the Central Empires have burdened heavily the pontifical budget. Meantime Peter's pence from the recently belligerent countries have fallen off most seriously. Cardinal Gibbons was remarkably successful in his appeal to American generosity.

THE Irish Peat Committee has recently issued a report upon the possibility of using this fuel for industrial purposes. Peat bogs cover three million acres, or fifteen percent of the total area of the country, and are estimated to contain more than three billion tons of dried peat. The Committee concludes that supplies are sufficient to warrant the establishment of electric power stations at some of the more favorably situated bogs.

LATE advices from Tokyo report some improvement in business conditions, although very recently there has been a slight reaction in foreign trade. Increased exports of cotton goods especially to China have strengthened the market. The banknote circulation continues to decline and a recent government loan was heavily over-subscribed.

ACCORDING to the London *Herald*, a labor daily, the army reservists mobilized to maintain order during the coal strike, have become restless, and by way of protest against being retained in military service a body of them early in May started serious rioting at Aldershot, during which some $10,000 worth of property was destroyed and several persons were injured.

ACCORDING to the Vladivostok *Daily News*, the 'Council of Directors' has permitted the exportation to Soviet Russia of the following articles: 750 poods scythe sharpeners, 660 poods hammers, cross-saws 1100 poods, 400 poods screws, 370 poods typewriters, 500 office utensils, separators 50000 poods, 400 poods wrapping-paper, 800 poods boots, sundry paper 6000 poods, 3000 poods resin, 6000 poods soda, and 3075½ poods Bohea tea.

They also permitted the Chita Ministry of Trade to export from Vladivostok 1550 poods of electrolytic copper, lying there since 1917.

THEFTS from transportation companies have multiplied in Great Britain as well as elsewhere since the war. The British Chamber of Shipping has recently been considering statistics which show that freight pilferage has increased 2000 per cent — from 1.44 pence to 26.91 pence per ton of cargo — since 1913.

RECENT technical papers from Germany contain illustrations of a six-wheel auto truck with pneumatic tires for heavy loads. The rear axles are as close together as practicable after allowing for clearance between the wheels.

WE are indebted to *L'Europe Nouvelle* for the following anecdote:

'Sir Philip Sassoon, who is now Lloyd George's secretary, was formerly the secretary of Sir Douglas Haig, from whom he received the following telegram last Easter Day:

'"'Christ is risen. May want a secretary."'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLSTOY LETTERS

[We print below hitherto unpublished letters from Tolstoy to Chekhov which recently appeared in a Russian journal in Paris. Tolstoy's design of retiring from the world, which he carried out a few days before his death, seems to have been in his mind as early as 1895.*]*

From *L'Humanité, April* 3
(Paris Radical Socialist Daily)

May, 1884.

I am spending this year in the country; and without seeking it have found a new way of living. I rise early and retire early. I write nothing, but I work a great deal. Sometimes I make shoes, sometimes I labor in the harvest-field. I say with pleasure — or is it a mere trick of fancy? — that the attitude of my family is changing; that they no longer condemn me, but begin to feel somewhat ashamed. What poor creatures we are, and how far we have wandered from the path! Just now, we have many people in the household, my children and Kusminsky's children, and I cannot always suppress my feeling of horror at seeing their immoral idleness and self-indulgence. Such a host of people, all grown-up, vigorous creatures! I appreciate and see the hard labor that it takes to keep things going. But all they do is to eat and wear out their clothes and make work for the cook, the laundress, and the chambermaid. Others toil for them and they do nothing useful either for themselves or for others. Every one of them considers this the most natural thing in the world; and I, too, thought the same formerly. I, too, have done my part to create the present situation. I see this clearly. I cannot forget it for an instant. I know that I am in their eyes a *trouble-fête* — a kill-joy. However, even they — at least it so seems to me — are beginning to realize that things are not just as they ought to be.

June, 1895.

I wrote you in my last letter that I was quite well, but to-day, in replying to your second letter from England, which has just come, I am compelled to say that I do not feel at all well. My writing does not get on, and the physical labor that I perform seems almost useless, because I am not compelled to do it by necessity. So far as the people about me are concerned, I have practically no relations with them. Beggars come now and then, and I give them a few kopecks, and they go their way. My children are systematically demoralized before my eyes. To me it is as if one tied stones around their necks. Evidently, I am to blame. I do not wish to pretend to you that I possess a tranquility of mind which I have not got. I do not fear death. I even desire it, and it is precisely there that the evil lies. For it proves that I have lost the Son which God gave me to cure me in this life and to point out to me the path in which I would have found complete contentment. I am aware of a confusion in all my being, and I wish to die. An impulse seizes me to flee from the world, to change my manner of living utterly.

All this proves that I am weak and sinful, while I am assuming to blame others and to regard my situation as extraordinarily different. During the last six days I have been the prey of unusual melancholy. My only consolation is that it cannot continue. It is a heavy trial; but I do not despair, because I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know that I shall find again the Son I have lost, that God will not desert me, and that I am not alone. But it is in moments like this that I suffer most from the fact that I have not around me people with whom I feel myself in sympathy, — that I am not part of a community, of a church, such as the Orthodox communion or the Peschkoff sect.

In conclusion, we give an extract from a letter which appears to us particularly characteristic of the sentiments from which Tolstoy derived his theories. It retraces sombre visions of a bloody past; they haunt Tolstoy's mind and drive him to seek refuge in the ideal of Christian charity and passivity. Tolstoy had passed part of the year of 1886 in Crimea, as a guest of Prince Uorosoff. While taking a walk at this time, he became acquainted with a remarkable man ninety-five years old, who related his memories of the time when he was in the army, when soldiers were regularly flogged. This furnished him with the material for his story, *Nicholas Palkin* — 'Nicholas the Flogger' — in which he described Nicholas the First.

Under the impression of this recital [wrote Tolstoy] I began to run over in my mind the cases of human brutality which I had read of in Russian history — the cruelty of which the Russian, though a Christian and a good and gentle man — has been guilty. Happily or unhappily for me, I could recall only too many such incidents. These acts of brutality have had a peculiar attraction for me, whether in history or in actual life. I have read about them; I have heard them described; I have seen them with my own eyes; and each time they have held me enchained, crushed my heart, caused me to meditate long and profoundly. I do not know why I am impelled to fill my mind with such stories, but I cannot resist them. I must know them; I must listen to them; I must see such acts.

Ivan the Terrible, burned, drowned, decapitated men like a savage beast. It was atrocious! But the cruelties of Ivan the Terrible are for me but distant visions, legends. I did not see those acts with my own eyes. It is the same with what happened during the interregnum between the reign of Michael and Alexius. It is not until we reach the time of Peter the Great, that these things begin to be real and living for me. In reading of the atrocious acts of that mad beast — uncaged and blood-drunk — I feel as though his acts affected me personally, — imposed some duty upon myself. My first impulse is one of hatred, then of contempt, a desire to humiliate the criminal. But that is not what the case demands. My feelings summon me to do something similar to what I ought to do if a being dear to me were maltreated and tortured in my presence, — or even perhaps a being not dear to me, any man whatever.

But I could not at first discover, I could not understand what this sentiment demanded of me and why such incidents had so powerful an attraction for me. My feeling of revolt and disgust increased every time I read of the cruelties of Peter or of Catherine the Great; and still more when I read the tale of crimes committed by Anna Ivanovna and the Tsarina Elizabeth Petrovna. But my indignation reached a climax when I studied the life of that immoral beast, Catherine II, and when I realized the baseness and villainy of those who composed her court, a baseness and villainy which characterized all her successors. Then came Paul — I do not know why he never aroused the same sentiment of anger in my heart — followed by the parricide, Alexander the First and his favorite, Arakcheff, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flogger — flogging everywhere on all occasions. . . .

Living men, beaten and bludgeoned by other living men, Christians betrayed by their own leaders, clubbed to death. Then came Nicholas, the flogger, whose atrocities are so numerous that my memory refuses to retain them.

Only lately have I at last begun to understand why this record of blood and cruelty attracted me, why I felt a sense of personal responsibility, as though I must do something regarding these things. I am called upon to raise the veil which blinds the eyes of men, the veil which hides their duty from them — the duty which the fact they are men bids them obey. I must tear away this veil of blindness which makes them servants of the devil. If they are unwilling to see, if the devil is stronger than I am, they will continue — a majority of them — to serve the devil, to corrupt their own souls and those of their brother men. But perhaps there may be one among them whose eyes will be opened. The seed will fall on the earth, and it will germinate, for it is the seed of God.

NEW EUROPE AND CATHOLICISM

BY RENÉ PINON

[*The following extract from a much longer article is by the author of a recent interesting study of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, entitled 'François-Joseph, Essai d'Histoire Psychologique.'*]

From *Le Correspondant, March 25*
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMI-MONTHLY)

A FORMIDABLE and world-wide crisis, such as has recently separated the civilized nations of the world into two hostile camps, could not fail to have a profound effect upon the Catholic Church — an effect both on its political and its moral influence. Without presuming to exhaust this great subject, I shall seek to indicate some of these results.

In periods of peace, men are inclined to approve the institutions under which they live, and to endeavor to maintain them. On the other hand, great crises and great suffering encourage a critical examination of existing institutions. For a Catholic, the fratricidal war which flung Christians at the throats of their fellow Christians, Catholics at the throats of Catholics, is a logical result of original sin, the detestable fruit of evil in the world.

At the very basis of the constitution of the Catholic Church is the idea of unity, of universality. That is the original significance of the word 'Catholic.' The official definition of the Church is 'one, holy, catholic, and apostolic.' It conceives mankind as one by virtue of its divine paternity, and therefore regards all men as brothers. . . . *Ut sint unum!* It is the very prayer of Jesus.

The Middle Ages realized this idea of unity. That is the source of their grandeur. They witnessed a practical appli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cation of the Christian ideal. The men of the Middle Ages inherited this conception of unity, both from the Roman Empire, and from the Catholic idea of universality. Outside the Roman Empire, all were barbarians; outside the Christian Church, all were infidels or heretics. The popes and the church councils always supported this idea of unity. They always combatted national churches. The very idea of nationality conflicts with the Catholic ideal; at least, so far as it implies exclusiveness. National governments are merely machinery for maintaining order among men, while allowing for their natural differences. For unity does not mean uniformity. Nationality should not supersede unity, but merely enrich it. National governments are legitimate and beneficent when they show due respect to the superior conception of the brotherhood of men, races, and nations, and so long as they look forward to the more perfect realization of that unity as the natural culmination of their own existence.

Toward the end of the Middle Ages, the idea of unity suffered an eclipse. The notion of a universal Christian community faded from the minds of men. The Church strove to preserve it, but already the people of the East insisted on a church of their own. That church then began to subdivide. This explains why the political and religious evolution of the East is so different from that of the West. The East is a region of national churches, each with its own supreme head. There are as many churches as there are governments. Recently, when the Bulgarians became independent, they began by appointing a religious head, an exarch, and establishing their own church. In Bulgaria, Church antedates State. It embraces all Bulgarians just as the Greek Church embraces all Greeks. Each church, therefore, conforms with a national frontier. It becomes indistinguishable from the nation itself. That is the very opposite of the Catholic conception. By becoming national, the churches of the East became first and foremost political organisms. The head of the church became a government functionary. The first Bulgarian exarch, Joseph, was a very remarkable man, and a great patriot. He had just returned from Paris, where he had received the degree of doctor of laws, when his fellow countrymen represented to him that the nation needed a leader. He became exarch, just as he might have become a premier, out of devotion to his country. To-day, the patriarchs of Constantinople are dependent on a council composed mainly of rich bankers and merchants. There is hardly a patriarch who has not been deposed and reconsecrated. By thus becoming more and more national, the Eastern churches have sacrificed very largely their religious function. They have been deprived of that vital breath of idealism which comes from world-wide Catholic brotherhood. In consequence, they have withered. They retain the rites and symbols of churches, but the soul has vanished. For them, Christian fraternity stops at a political frontier.

Only in Russia does a true religious sentiment survive in the souls of the people; but it is distorted and lawless. Had the religion of the nation been more vital and retained a stronger hold upon the souls of the people, it would have played a more powerful rôle in the events of the revolution. But a national church has nothing to fall back on in resisting the political authority of its government. The Russian Church, after Peter the Great, was completely subject to the Tsar. It no longer had a patriarch. It became merely part of the political machinery. Priests were despised and hated. They grossly exploited the common people who are naturally reverent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A remnant of the true spirit of worship sought refuge in the convents from which the civil authorities selected their bishops. When the tempest came, this official, ecclesiastical machine proved wanting. It could give the people neither the models, nor the discipline necessary to reorganize their institutions and to govern themselves. When you destroy the religious spirit of the nation, you render it an easier victim for autocracy, whether it be that of the Tsar or of Lenin. Such a church cannot resist the usurpation of the government; for it has no external source of authority superior to national frontiers, to which it can appeal. A great Russian thinker, Vladimir Solovieff, has pointed out in a remarkable book, *Russia and the Church Universal*, that the heresies and schisms which have destroyed the unity of the Eastern churches, were due, in every instance, to political causes and resulted in subordinating the religious to the civil authority, and consequently in personal absolutism. The distinction between that which is Cæsar's and that which is God's, is the corner-stone of political liberty. A study of the Eastern nations should teach the people of the West the important contribution which the catholicism of its religious institutions, transcending as they do all national frontiers, has made to political liberty.

A very large majority of the fifty million former subjects of Franz Joseph were Catholics. His empire was officially Catholic. It represented itself at Rome and in Europe as a Catholic power. It is certain that during the war, religious motives played a part in the campaign against Austria. The enemies of Catholicism were eager to destroy the Hapsburg Empire; and, so far as the Holy See had a political policy in the struggle, it sought to save that monarchy. This was the purpose of what has been called the pacific offensive of the Pope in 1917. We must bear in mind that an Entente victory, resulting in the destruction of Austria would, at that time, have seemed like the triumph of Russian Tsarism; that it would have prevented the complete restoration of Poland, and that it would have deprived the Vatican of its last ambassador representing a Catholic power of first rank. Had not Austria throughout centuries repeatedly rendered great services to the Papacy and to the Church? In the days of the Reformation, was it not Austria which supported the victorious counter-offensive that restored part of Germany to Catholicism? Last of all, had not Pope Pius X himself arranged and blessed the marriage of Emperor Charles with Zita of Bourbon-Parma, and was it likely that he would resign himself easily to seeing this young and well-disposed ruler go down in history as 'Charles the Last?' No just fault can be found with the Holy See for having sought to save the Hapsburgs.

Nevertheless, the catastrophe came. Human sagacity always fails at some point. The results, however, have not been either what was hoped or what was feared. Austria-Hungary, while officially Catholic, was essentially the personal patrimony of Franz Joseph. The church was regarded as a part of the government's political machine. In the same way that the government of the Dual Monarchy was an agency of German domination at Vienna, and of Magyar domination at Budapest, so the church likewise was an organ of German propaganda on this side the River Leith and of Magyar propaganda beyond that boundary. As a part of the political machine, it incurred its full share of the hatred which the subject nationalities cherished for the government which oppressed them. Leo XIII used to shake with holy wrath when he discussed in his forceful way the rich Austrian and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hungarian bishops, alienated from the people, entirely dependent on the government, out of touch with the parish clergy, aloof from the hopes and aspirations of their people.

This church system fell when the monarchy fell. When the personal state of Franz Joseph disappeared, one of the most dangerous phases of the oppression of Church by State ended. We shall learn later what a tremendous advantage this is to be for the Vatican and for Catholicism. It is my purpose to discuss only the ecclesiastical results of the disappearance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and not the political results. The fragments of that empire have been incorporated in new or enlarged states, which are peopled, however, by ancient nations, each striving to find itself in the world.

First, there is the Czechoslovak Republic — one of the most happy outcomes of the war. The great national historian of the people, Palacky, has written: 'Bohemia is older than Austria, and will outlive Austria.' The prophecy has been realized. Catholicism faced here a particularly delicate task. In the fifteenth century Bohemia separated itself from the Church in order to keep clear of Germany. The Czechs attach little importance to John Huss as a Protestant, but great importance to him as their national hero. They claim that the German Emperor, Sigismond, influenced the decision of the church council which condemned Huss and his followers, and that this was not because he was a promoter of heresy, but because he was a great Slav apostle and the hero of Bohemian independence. He had defied the Hapsburgs. The bloody wars led by men like John Ziska and Procopos, were national wars. The rites and doctrines of their own church became symbolical of the struggle for Bohemian independence. When finally the Hussites succumbed, Bohemian independence disappeared with them. Bohemia returned to Catholicism and to the yoke of the Hapsburgs after the battle of White Mountain, fought in 1620. Ever thereafter, the Catholic Church has been at a disadvantage on account of this memory. Roman Catholicism was in the eyes of Czech patriots a tool of Austrian oppression, and the doctrine of Huss was to them an assertion of national independence. His church was a national Czech Catholic Church. One used to see in the homes of Czech peasants, a figure of John Huss between the figure of Christ and of Franz Joseph. The Bishop, and particularly the Archbishop of Prague, were generally chosen from among the members of the German aristocracy in Bohemia, or from noble Czech families who had become allies of the Hapsburgs. Under such conditions, how could they exercise influence over the lower clergy and the common people? They lived in their palaces like high and rich officials, but they had no contact with the nation's soul.

During the war, the leaders of the movement in favor of independence deliberated as to whether they ought not to organize a national church, following the teachings of Huss. They had before them the example of other Slav nations, who nearly all have a national Church. Furthermore, the hate for the Hapsburgs extended to the Holy See which protected them. So the Czechs were disposed to rally to the cry of: 'Away from Rome.' However, in 1900, the Germans of Bohemia, the bitterest enemies of the Czechs, had also adopted this battle-cry, and the memory of that helped to keep the people faithful to Catholicism. When the monarchy fell, and Bohemia proclaimed its independence, the Archbishop of Prague followed the dynasty into exile, and it became a live question whether the dissenting religion would not become the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

official Church. However, nothing of that sort occurred. While the educated classes of Bohemia are, for the most part, agnostics and, to be frank, anticlerical, the common people are devoutly attached to their religion. This is even more true in Moravia. Furthermore, the union of Slovakia and Bohemia, which had been separated ever since the year 1020, required delicate treatment. Some two-thirds of the Slovaks are fervent Catholics, and one third are Protestant. In order to win the support of the common people, nothing must be done to wound Catholic sentiment. President Masaryk was wise enough to send a representative to the Holy See and to receive a papal nuncio at Prague in order to prevent a pro-Magyar movement in Slovakia. The Holy See handled the situation with prudence and adroitness. It consented to replace the former Archbishop of Prague by a patriotic Czech bishop, and it substituted three Slav bishops for the three Magyar bishops in Slovakia. Thereby it forestalled the danger that Czechoslovakia might break away from the Church. Even now that danger has not been completely eliminated. A section of the priesthood demands a return to the teachings of John Huss, a national church, and the right of the priests to marry. The government, meantime, has drafted a law to separate Church and State, which is severe on the Church but is inspired with an honest desire to promote religious peace. The recent visit of Mr. Benès, the distinguished foreign minister of the republic, to Benedict XV and his cardinal secretary of state, is sufficient proof of this. In Bohemia, and especially in Moravia and Slovakia, the Catholics are organizing along national lines. The danger of a schism will probably not reappear, unless the Hapsburgs should be restored at Vienna or Budapest. The Czech government appreciates that Bohemia, having secured its recognition by Europe as an independent government, needs no longer resort to artificial methods to isolate itself from neighboring nationalities; but, on the contrary, that it has an interest in preserving a religion which unites it with the West, and may become an important agency for internal unification, so long as the Slovaks are still reluctant to admit their brotherhood with the Czechs.

Another group of former subjects of the Hapsburgs, the Croats, Dalmatians and Slovenes, have now been joined to Serbia. Before the war, Serbia was a little government with an independent orthodox church and practically no real religious life. But it had an intuition of its future. After 1913, when it annexed several thousand Catholic subjects as a result of the Balkan war, it foresaw the prospect of uniting eventually all Yugo-Slavs, whether orthodox or catholic, under a single government. So the cabinet at Belgrade wisely decided to conclude a concordat with the Holy See. This was signed against the violent opposition of Austria. It was regarded at Vienna as a threat against the Hapsburgs. From that time, the Croats, Slovenes and Dalmatians and the catholic minority in Bosnia and Herzegovina were assured in advance that their religious rights would be respected if they joined Serbia. To-day, the Catholics form a strong minority in the new state. They are more highly educated and more highly civilized than their orthodox fellow citizens; for they have lived for centuries with their eyes turned toward Vienna and Rome, at a time when the military yoke of the Turks, and the religious yoke of the Greek patriarch weighed heavily on the Serbs. Naturally, therefore, the Roman Catholic element will be called upon to play an important rôle in the affairs of the South Slavs, because it is the element best prepared to deal with mod-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern political and economic problems. The Greek Orthodox Church is a political and national organization, but the Yugo-Slav State is no longer solely an Orthodox state. While the former national church, which never represented a powerful religious force but served mainly patriotic purposes, seems on the decline, the religious life of Croatia and Slovenia is vigorous. A Croat priest, Krijanic, preached two centuries ago, a great religious future for the Slav nations. A great Croat archbishop, Strossmeyer, aroused the people of Croatia to consciousness of their brotherhood with the South Slavs, and prepared the way for the union brought about by the war. A great state will result if the Serbs do not prevent it by too narrowly national a policy.

It is well to take Bulgaria into consideration whenever we discuss Yugo-Slavia. Sooner than we expect, perhaps, that country will associate itself by an alliance, or even by a federal union, with the South-Slav government. Just at present, Bulgaria is seeking friends to the eastward, and its eagerness to be divided from the Greeks, whom it detests, inspires it with friendliness to Catholic influence. This, however, is a matter for the future.

Rumania affords the same picture as Serbia, in respect to church affiliations. Its people too, are equally divided between the Roman and the Orthodox churches. Greater Rumania is now a nation of fifteen or sixteen million souls. Of its new subjects in Transylvania and Bukovina, at least two-thirds are Uniate Catholics, and about one million — mostly Hungarians — are Roman Catholics. As in the case of Serbia, the new element is more highly civilized, more stable, and better prepared for the responsibility of government than the primitive original population. Here also Catholicism means association with Western Europe. Rumania thus assumes a new aspect. It is no longer the exclusively oriental and Balkan power which it formerly was. It has become a Central European power. One of the first acts of the government, after the enlargement of the state, was to send a diplomatic representative to the Holy See.

Merely a word will suffice with regard to present Austria, reduced to six million people, and present Hungary, reduced to seven million. They remain Catholic governments and continue their diplomatic relations with the Holy See. In Austria, the Christian Socialists, who have inherited the democratic and reformist doctrines of certain liberal Catholic leaders, are as numerous as the regular Socialists whom they defeated at the elections last October. This is the only party which endorses the Entente policy of an independent Austria. In Hungary likewise, the Christian Socialists have increased in strength since the overthrow of the monarchy, and they are taking an important part in the reconstruction of the country.

Last of all, a large fragment of the former Austrian state, Polish-Galicia, has been united with Prussian Poland and Russian Poland to form the new Polish kingdom, which has been one of the fruits of the Entente victory. Neither the Papacy nor the Western Catholics have ever resigned themselves to accepting as final, the criminal partition of Poland. Montalambert truly said: 'Since this partition, Europe remains in a state of mortal sin.' Poland is the only Slav nation of Eastern Europe — where national religions prevail — which has preserved both its Roman Catholicism and national patriotism under three different dominations, for more than a century. In Prussian Poland, the Catholic clergy took the lead in resisting Prussia's usurpations, its laws for Germanizing the schools, and its measures for colonizing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the land with Germans. It was their religion which mainly separated the Russian Poles from their conquerors and enabled them to resist being Russianized. The resurrection of Poland, the presence of a Polish minister at Rome, and of Polish cardinals in church councils are a source of immense satisfaction and hope for the Vatican. Henceforth, a new government has been erected — Poland — separating Prussia, the dominant state of Protestant Germany, from Russia, the great schismatic nation. Perhaps this is what explains the bitter enmity which prevails against Poland and the repeated prophecies that it will not survive. Indeed, it will be a most difficult task to fuse into one the long-separated sections of this martyred nation, to unify its three great fragments and its numerous smaller acquisitions, and forge them into a single homogeneous state. That will take time, and the active aid of the Entente.

So the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which broke to pieces along its ancient lines of ethnic fracture, has left behind it a group of new or enlarged governments where Catholicism, disembarrassed of the incubus of Franz Joseph's patrimonial policies, freed from stifling tutelage to an archaic monarchy, will take on a new lease of life.

THE DEMOBILIZED GERMAN OFFICER

BY CHRISTIAN BOUCHHOLTZ

[*The following stories of the experience of German officers left adrift by the Revolution are said to be based upon authentic data.*]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, March* 20, 27
(Berlin Stinnes Press Semi-Official Daily)

I

Our speedometer indicates sixty kilometers; hills and valleys sway past in quick succession. The woods are already tinged with the colors of early spring. Mounds of mine-waste and débris rise ahead of us, like a miniature mountain range. Along its summit runs a cable-way, over which little pendent cars are creeping, like spiders hanging to a web. They constantly empty and disappear behind some obstruction. Smoky chimneys spring into view in all directions. We are at our destination, the potash district.

I am looking for L—— a former aviation captain, who is employed at the mines. That is all I know. Is he manager, or foreman?

He proves to be nothing like that. I find him down one of the shafts. It seems a strange contrast for a man formerly so fond of scaling to the heights of the dawn-tinged morning clouds. He must be a common laborer, down there in the depths of the earth. That is indeed a strange fall from the skies! We enter a cage and are lowered into the depths. Red and violet signal lights shoot past us, like a many-colored thread. Down, down we go, hundreds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of meters into the bosom of the earth. We are led through a long passage. We hear the sound of picks in all directions. Little push-cars are creeping through the labyrinths, laden with whitish, yellowish, reddish salts, and pushed by perspiring men.

Eventually, we reach my friend's working-place. He wears the same laboring clothes as his comrades. He has a pick in his hand. At first he does n't recognize me. When he does, he is as happy as a boy. We have come just at the breakfast intermission. The miners are sitting around on blocks of salt, or on the sides of cars, or on upturned baskets. We withdraw to one side. L—— seems in the best of spirits. He is particularly pleased to be called Captain. His fellow laborers address him: *Du Löus*. He shows us, laughingly, his calloused palms. His hands have become coarse and black and chapped — the hands of a laborer. I recall in the old days his nails were always polished and manicured. He drags out something to sit on, and talks to us as eagerly as though he had been living in enforced silence. What does he talk of? He tells how well he is getting along. How satisfactory he finds his new occupation. He intends to make his way and get ahead in the business. But this affectation of contentment and hope gradually wears off as we converse. Something else wells up from his real heart. His voice changes and becomes deeper and more melancholy. He talks of the old days at the front. There is a note of homesickness in his voice — not only homesickness for the clouds and bright sunshine above but, deeper than that, homesickness for his own *ego*. We call his attention to his comrades, who are eating their morning meal on a big piece of rock where he had been sitting. They pick up his soldier's canteen, uncork it, smell of the contents, shake their heads and whisper. He laughs, 'They thought I had liquor in there instead of coffee. They cannot puzzle out who I am. I am a little too cordial toward them. It takes time for a man to act perfectly natural in a new part. They suspect I am a laborer-spy or a fugitive from the law.'

We take Captain L—— with us for a short motor ride before we go. He is abnormally talkative after his long spiritual solitude. Yet he is living fairly well and has struck up friendship with a butcher, a farmer, and a shopkeeper. I noticed he had become a little shy at meeting people of better rank. He quite naturally put on his aviator's coat and cap for our short motor trip, though it was not worth the trouble. The air was mild and the distance was short. He merely wanted to recall the past a little more vividly. Indeed, our unexpected visit to the inferno to which he had vanished had really intoxicated the brave, boyish chap, as though there had been 'real liquor' in his coffee flask.

II

Freiherr von C. was a captain in his better days. He was a 'Hun,' with fists as big as hams; with shoulders as broad as a small mountain; with a combative Hamburg skull, and with flashing eyes which glared defiantly at his enemies. During the War, he was commissioned a lieutenant, promoted to be first lieutenant, and at last made a captain. In spite of his gigantic stature, his daredevil exploits in the trenches, and his venturesome raids on the enemy's lines for information — which he regarded as sport — death refused to accept his challenge, and spared him. Peace, however, deprived him of a profession and left him idle and destitute. What should he do? He had no qualifications for any other professional career. He could not endure the thought of office life. He called an office a jail and, loving the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open air, determined to live in it. What did he do? Don't laugh. He became a newsboy on *Jungfernstieg* in Hamburg. He stood on the sidewalk, not far from the Rathaus market, and sold a particular Nationalist newspaper. It was a newspaper which had always been his favorite, and which he believed in as gospel. So he sold his single paper among shifty hucksters who peddled chocolate and illegal English cigarettes, while they kept a sharp eye out for the police. In the midst of even this questionable company, however, he managed to dignify his trade; in fact, he idealized it.

He began his new business Christmas week a year ago, when the Communists and unemployed were rioting in Hamburg. He looked upon his newspaper-selling as fighting communism. He alternated 'Down with the Spartacans' with his newspaper calls. His deep bass thundered defiantly at the throng of pedestrians on the crowded *Jungfernstieg*. People stopped to buy, halted by his lion's voice and his bold professions of opinion. Even passing groups of unemployed and parading Communists on their way to besiege the Hamburg City Hall — which was then defended like a fortification by barbed wire entanglements — were made the target for his challenging remarks. When one of these groups started for him, with the swinging sailor's trot of the Hamburg rabble, and crowded around him, he delivered a fiery speech: 'I am here to show you that a man *can* work if he *will*. Gentlemen-idlers, I am not ashamed, though a captain and a *Freiherr*, to sell newspapers with a muffler around my throat. I am a workingman more than you are.'

They cursed him as a 'strike-breaker' and a 'blood-sucker,' and pressed closer threateningly. Thereupon, he lay his papers down on a doorstep, doubled his fists and swung his arms, daring them to 'Come on, if you want to fight.' But they prudently refused the challenge — perhaps we ought to observe that a police patrol appeared at the happy moment. Meanwhile he stuck to his post. Even violent Communists regarded him as a curiosity, and respected his honesty of opinions, his powerful physique, and his growing popularity.

Indeed the captain speedily became a famous character in this quarter of the city. His sales multiplied three-fold, four-fold, five-fold. Soon he could not carry enough papers to supply his customers, and provided himself with a table for his wares. Discovering that people were so interested in his personality, he turned that also to profit. He had postal cards printed, with his picture as a captain at the front, which he autographed and sold in quantities. All the time, however, he considered that he was fighting for his ideal. To him, this was even more important than earning his daily bread. He regarded himself as a prominent defender of the State against onsurging Bolshevism. His business improved. Finally, he reached the point where he could rent the vegetable booth in front of which he had sold his papers. He remodeled the place with his own hands, doing his own carpentering and painting, and in a few days had converted it into a tidy news-store. Now, he sells several papers — but only such as he considers 'wholesome reading' — as well as periodicals and books. In fact, already his shop has grown into a prosperous bookstore, and he owes his success chiefly to his zeal for a cause, plus the advertising value of honest convictions openly expressed.

III

His comrades in the army called him indifferently 'Old Turnip' and 'Extra Dry.' He was not taken quite seriously. His best quality was his inexhaustible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

store of humor, his good nature, his big-heartedness. He was by nature a rough-and-ready, hard-drinking fellow, prompt for any daring deed in the field or risk at the gambling-table. These were qualities not incompatible with a good soldier — they made him one of those unpedantic officers whom his men would follow through flood and fire. But when peace came he was left stranded and fell into evil ways. Drinking and gambling had been his normal occupation during the tedious pauses in the fighting. When there was no more fighting they became his principal profession. So he went from bad to worse. He refused to look the new conditions frankly in the face. He had inherited some property and had no relatives. I used to meet him from time to time, usually in a bar. He would laugh and say: 'I've just lost the brook-meadow in a game'; or at another time, 'To-day the cherry tree in front of grandmother's house goes.'

He always wore mufti after his demobilization. His gayety was an affectation; it was a mask concealing his *ennui* and despair. Laughter was a pose. With his close-cropped hair he sometimes impressed me uncannily, like a grinning death's-head.

Then word reached me that he had gambled away everything he owned, and people wondered what he would do next.

A little later I chanced to meet him one night in the barroom which had been his favorite rendezvous in better days. This time, however, he was not in front of the bar, with his foot on the rail, but was serving customers. Yes, he was a barkeeper. I recalled how he had said once, 'I pawned my uniform and my decorations with it!' His face was as white as starch but as hard as a stone, and he was unapproachable.

Then came the news of the Kapp revolt, and I chanced upon him serving as first lieutenant in front of a barricade. Berlin was then in complete darkness; not a light was visible after sundown. No one was on the streets. Every now and then the sharp flash of a rifle pierced the darkness. A man who did venture abroad kept running into the invisible lamp posts, or coming up suddenly against barbed-wire entanglements, like a fly trapped in a cobweb.

I caught a glimpse of his close-cropped skull by the light of a motor which suddenly turned a corner. His steel helmet hung from his arm by the chin-strap. He was pacing about uncovered, indifferent to the cold March rain. When he saw me he laughed and this time there was a ring of sincerity in his voice. 'You see, my lad,' he shouted, 'I was right. Was n't I right? We're dead sure now to turn the trick.'

'But you were lying, just the same,' I laughed back.

'How?'

'You told me you had pawned your uniform and your orders.'

'Did I say that? Well it was embarrassing to be an officer then. You were n't saluted on the streets; you had to get off the sidewalk for common soldiers; often your orders and shoulder-straps would be torn off. Hang it, the uniform exposed you to insult. So I got into civilian duds. But now? My God, is n't it as though every day were Sunday again?'

'By no means,' I ventured to protest.

'But that's what it is for me. People have come to their senses. Have n't you noticed how the people who were wearing mufti have gone back into uniform everywhere? Say, I just naturally lied that time. I had pawned everything I owned except my uniform and my orders. I knew the old times would come back — and here they are! I stuck my barkeeper's jacket into the stove and danced as I saw it burning. I'll never put it on again, trust me for that.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then came the day when the Kapp troops and the last black, white, and red banners withdrew, marching away around the corner of Wilhelmstrasse, down *Unter den Linden*, and through the Brandenburg Gate. I personally stood on that corner. Everyone will recall how some Swedish ladies waved their handkerchiefs at the departing soldiers from the balcony of the Adlon Hotel; thoughtlessly greeting the 'fine-looking troops' going by. They did not know what was up. But the excited populace considered it a provocation, and heaped insults on the retiring soldiers. Shooting followed — indeed wholesale shooting. Around the old palace and at the Brandenburg Gate volley followed volley, and armored automobiles chased back and forth along *Unter den Linden*, like savage antediluvian beasts.

I joined a crowd which sought protection in the gateway of the Ministry. The doors were barred and bolted. We were packed like herrings in the little alcove. I recall that I could feel the beating heart of a little salesgirl against my shoulder, and looked around to see her upon the step above me, her eyes distended with terror. It was as though, just at that moment, I felt the heartbeat of a whole nation.

When the shooting was over I hurried down to the Brandenburg Gate. Sentries were already stationed along the street. At the watch-house, which had been riddled by rifle bullets, a remarkable woman was busy. She said she was an 'enemy of the Greens,'[1] a Mrs. Ly van Bracke, a volunteer Red Cross sister. Her torn black-silk gown was wet with blood; her hands were red with blood. She was smoking a cigarette, but she was doing her duty. Several victims of the fight had been brought in. There were thirty-five that day. She already had bound up their wounds and given them morphine and done whatever else was necessary. She was a brave woman; and let me say in passing that she personally took down the last black, white, and red flag from the Brandenburg Gate.

Five of the men lying on the floor were dead — white as wax under their carmine stains. This woman had in some way obtained from the Zoölogical Gardens small twigs of cypress which she was placing between the waxen fingers of the corpses when I entered.

At my first glimpse I recognized my friend, horribly mutilated, among them.

I asked details from the Red Cross lady. She said: 'All the motors which passed through the Brandenburg Gate were required to stop and show their permits. A truck filled with young lads came down *Unter den Linden* and was halted by the Security Police. This first lieutenant was in charge of the truck. He commanded the young soldiers to get out, but stayed on the truck himself, and loosened a hand grenade from his girdle. But the police detected his movement and threw two grenades at him, which blew him to pieces.' That was his end. I recalled the last words I had heard him say: 'I'll never put on a barkeeper's jacket again.'

[1] Security police.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MYSTICAL RACE THEORIES

BY RENÉ GILLOUIN

From *Revue Bleue March* 19
(PARIS POLITICAL AND LITERARY BI-MONTHLY)

IMPERIALISM is a part of the very nature of man, and the idea of a chosen people is, as we all know, of ancient date. It is the central idea of the Bible and doubtless explains the prodigious vitality of the Hebrew nation. But it has been reserved for our day to see these two powerful theories converge and unite — to see them become the keystone of a complete system of individual and social life, or, to use a German term, of a *Kultur*. It is in Germany, in fact, that we have witnessed the most striking manifestation of this theory. But the Anglo-Saxons are also touched by it and there is hardly a modern people which has not felt its contagion. The day after he entered Fiume, Gabriel d'Annunzio began an address to his compatriots as follows: 'Brothers, you already know what we have done under the inspiration and with the protection of our God.' A god who thus manifests his favor for the purely national enterprise of d'Annunzio evidently has nothing but his name in common with the God of Christianity. We may fairly say that the French are less infected with this theory than other peoples because, as Renan wrote to Gobineau nearly seventy years ago, the idea of race is nearly extinct among us, having been superseded by the idea of nationality. In fact, France seemed not only immune to this mysticism, but unable to understand it, to admit that it existed, to comprehend its seriousness and power. However, the World War, incarnating as it did pan-Germanism, at length opened our eyes, and several monographs and articles, learned and popular, have recently been published, to show the fanaticism which takes possession of a nation which honestly believes that a god is its ally.

The nineteenth century which witnessed the birth and development of the science of ethnography and of the anthropological notion of race, was true to type in trying simultaneously to apply these new theories practically and to vest them with mystical meaning. From this source we get those philosophical concepts of history which crystallize around the word Aryanism, and would make the Aryans or Indo-Europeans, the presumptive descendants of the Aryans of Upper Hindustan, civilizers *par excellence*, a people favored of the gods, to whom is due all the progress of mankind.

But two mutually contradictory Aryanisms have flourished across the Rhine. One follows the teaching of Rousseau and the other the doctrines of Hegel; one is South German in its inspiration, the other Prussian; one is the æsthetic and pensive Aryanism of Schopenhauer and Wagner; the other is the political and conquering Aryanism of the Hegelians of 1840, of Gobineau, and of Nietzsche after he liberated himself from the earlier Wagnerian influence. The first of these two theories possessed the following typical features: a southern warmth of sentiment, a romantic Mediterranean atmosphere, a disposition to assign a tropical origin to the higher races, sympathy for Buddhism, and in general for an artistic, æsthetic,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecstatic interpretation of man's place in nature and in history. The second theory assumes that the north is the source of civilization, and adopts as its canons a pure white race, an Anglo-Saxon mentality, freedom of will, realism, imperialism. These two Aryanisms are practically contemporary in origin, and for a brief period the former seemed likely to prevail. It would be interesting to speculate what might have happened to Germany and Europe had it won the day. But the reverse occurred. The northern, organizing Aryanism supplanted its rival — not only supplanted it but borrowed, absorbed and assimilated its spiritual elements, and turned them into tools for its own ambitions and temporal conquests.

Therefore, Germanism dates back for a considerable period. Leibnitz laid its foundation; Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe himself, labored upon its superstructure; the Napoleonic wars gave it its final impulse. It was elaborated by Hegel and his successors. Gervinus taught that the Germanic race was the heir of Hellenism; that it had given the modern world the only literature comparable with that of classical antiquity; and that all that was valuable in Christianity was due to the acceptance of that dogma by the northern races during the Middle Ages. However, this Germanism had not yet become pan-Germanism, — a mysticism of world-wide pretensions. Indeed, it bade fair for a time to remain in the realm of dreams, a sort of solace for the inability of the Germans to forge out a great national destiny. Then Prussia stepped in and gave these theories a very different turn. That country set about clothing these unrealities with the forms of reality. But the Prussian system was itself affected by this new spirit. Imperialism and mysticism reenforced each other until their mutual stimulation produced the dizzy madness from which Europe has nearly perished.

By a singular irony of fate, a Frenchman, Count Gobineau, was the most active spiritual agent in this fusion. It was from his writings that the teachers of Germanism received the suggestions which resulted in their attempted scientific identification of the Germans with the Aryans. His *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines* gave them a hint which they seized upon with boundless satisfaction and elaborated into their conception of the Aryan as the conqueror and organizer, the man of initiative and reflection; who combined practical ability with idealism, and courage with perseverance; who was brave — even brutal — but never cruel; who was proud and domineering, but not vain; who united with an instinctive love of order and reason the practice of true liberty. Gobineau's *Essai* also suggested the thought of investing the Germans with their rôle of a chosen people. Let us remark here, as a curious fact, that Gobineau himself had worked out his doctrine from an entirely subjective standpoint, consoling himself for his own obscurity by glorifying and magnifying his putative ancestors. He praised and exalted the Aryan-German type only in the past. It never occurred to him to bestow upon the Germans of his own day race-precedence over his own nation, and he was explicit in denying them the true German spirit. A radical pessimist regarding the future, he set out to prove that the Aryan-German blood — the only truly noble blood, the only blood set apart by destiny to bestow social order and to sway empires — had been so contaminated by intermixture with the yellow and black races, that mankind was headed toward certain, speedy, and absolute decline. In fact, his fundamental idea was the same as that which inspired Rousseau — that the world was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hopelessly degenerate. In the beginning there had been a group of human beings wonderfully gifted by nature. Rousseau conceived these as primitive man: Gobineau as the Aryan-Germans — 'a group to which I belong by a perhaps unique play of chance, and of which I preserve the qualities.' But Gobineau and Rousseau had the same fate. Their solitary cries awakened an unexpected echo in great groups of people who accepted their theories as applying to themselves. These disciples, however, reversed things so that what the original authors had placed in the past, they placed in the future. The new champions made these theories a rallying-cry for combat and conquest. A sharp-sighted Princess of Wittgenstein, the well-known friend of Liszt, saw intuitively what might happen. She wrote to Gobineau that the day would come when people would borrow many things from him and apply them in a way of which he little dreamed. In fact Gobineau societies sprang up everywhere beyond the Rhine. Public men began to use his theories to support German political pretensions, and the prophecy of the Princess was speedily realized. This evangel of race, this conviction that the German people stands for the noble element in the universe, the element destined to rule over other peoples, to bestow upon them the blessings of organization and culture, to raise them with God's aid to a true level of civilization, this was the faith and the law of the whole German nation on the eve of the war. The fearful shock of defeat, the crushing evidence of the hatred and contempt of all the world, have perhaps modified the form of this obsession; but they have not changed its nature or weakened its fanaticism.

. . . Whenever the idea of race has been examined in France, as it has been on numerous occasions, the conclusion has been that after two thousand years of invasion and migration and intermingling, no such thing remains in Europe as race in the physiological and anthropological sense. This conclusion may be exact, but it counts for nothing against the subtile refinements of Germanic racial mysticism. For instance, a man like Houston Stewart Chamberlain, that Englishman who has adopted Germany for his fatherland and become more pan-German than the Junkers themselves, is explicit in his contention that races cannot be distinguished at the present day by physical traits, but only by psychological traits. According to him, the German is not to be identified by the color of his hair, or the contour of his skull, or the shape of his features; but by his intellectual and moral predispositions, by the 'initial slant of his thought,' by his *Weltanschauung*, — his conception of the world. Every man is supposed to carry within himself the germ of his race which, with proper cultivation, will indicate to him with infallible precision the quality of his blood, just as his moral conscience informs him as to the merits of his acts. This interior voice of the pure scion of his race is invariably harmonious and comforting. It continues through life to be an unfailing resource of moral well-being. This race genius, like the *daimon* of Socrates, watches constantly over the individual's destiny, steadies his footsteps when he stumbles, warns him of the perils which beset his course, inspires him to lofty deeds which he would never dare venture of his own initiative. It is hardly necessary to point out how arbitrary such a conception is, how easily it eludes objective criticism on account of its purely subjective and personal nature, or what a powerful source of inspiration and fanaticism it can become. Nor is it difficult to see how this assumed 'ethnic conscience' may be made to serve a programme of intellectual, moral and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religious world-conquest. It is so elastic in its assumptions that it can easily transcend ordinary national frontiers, or any other matter-of-fact limits of time and space. It annexes complacently Dante, Shakespeare, Descartes, Voltaire, Homer, Moses, Vedantism, Brahmanism, Jesus Christ and St. Paul. It groups all these great figures and great movements around a narrow Germanic tradition which it conceives as the soul-essence and vital unifying principle of the whole. By this process of confusing but brilliant syncretism, these race-champions have built a sort of immense Pantheon, where they celebrate every cult and worship every deity. They teach us that each separate chapel however opens into a great central nave of German genius, responds to the choir of German music, soars to the lofty visions of German philosophy, and bends the knee in worship of a German Christ. Intoxicated with this insidious delusion of moral conquest, the victims of this theory become the easy tools of political, military, and material conquest. Though defeated in the field of battle and of politics, the spiritual part of the German race-myth still remains to be vanquished. That is a task which will require weapons different from those which we of the lesser breeds have hitherto employed.

DO CATS THINK?

BY W. H. HUDSON

From *The Cornhill Magazine, May*
(English Literary Monthly)

To-day when standing at my window I noticed a pied wagtail running about in the road below in search of the small crumbs the starlings, sparrows, and others had left, when a big cat came over the road on its way home to the house next door. When within about four yards of the wagtail he stopped short, his body stiffened, and, with eyes fixed on the bird, he crouched down on the ground, and continued in that position, motionless as a piece of stone except that the tip of his tail curved and uncurved and moved from side to side. The predatory instinct was alight and fiercely burning in him.

Then came the advance — the slow crawling movement which is scarcely perceptible to a creature directly in front. The crawling movement continued until he was within about six feet of his prey, the wagtail meanwhile going on with his busy search for crumbs and appearing to take no notice of the cat — knowing, I suppose, that a stroke of his wings at any moment would place him out of danger, and that the exact moment had not yet come. Then the cat, when so near his bird, so intent on it, all at once stood up, unstiffened, and, turning, walked away deliberately to his own garden-gate and went in!

Now a cat cannot see a bird within easy distance on the ground without the desire for a bird, the most compelling impulse he knows, being roused in him; and that first stillness and fixed at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention is but the first of a series of movements which go on automatically to the finish — till he makes his dash or spring, or till the bird flies away. Why then did this particular cat behave as he did and abandon a pursuit which was just as promising as many another he had engaged in? Here we are confronted with the old unsolved problem: Do animals reflect? Is even the mentally highest among them capable, in a case like this, of recognizing that the thing contemplated is impossible, and that the chase might as well be abandoned?

I really think he is; and actions like the one described, and many other actions of cats I have observed, serve to convince me that some of the higher animals, and especially this largest-brained and most perfect mammalian, have something more than just the unreflecting intelligence which we find in all creatures, from whales and elephants to insects — something which in many instances cannot easily be distinguished from what we call reflection in ourselves.

The case of this next-door cat has served to remind me of another cat, the valued pet of a lady friend of mine who lived near London and did all she could to attract the birds to her grounds, also all she could to break her cat of his bird-hunting habits.

In summer, afternoon-tea was always partaken of in the large garden at the back, or in the verandah overlooking it. An old apple tree grew on the lawn, and the birds at tea-time used to congregate on its branches, waiting to be fed. She would then take a plateful of crumbs of bread and cake and throw these on the grass under the tree. The cat, having discovered this habit of his mistress, would always turn up at tea-time, and, as soon as the crowd of birds dropped down on the crumbs and were busily engaged picking them up, he would begin his stalk, crawling in his crouching attitude across the open green space of the lawn; and invariably, just before the moment for making his dash, they would fly up into the branches and wait till he got tired of waiting for them to come down. Then he would go back and sit beside his mistress's chair, watching the birds drop down again until the becrumbed bit of ground was full of them and he would stalk them again, with the same result as before.

My friend was distressed at her cat's action at first, and for several days tried to stop it, but the cat always defeated her, and in the end it began to amuse her to watch her pet's vain efforts to catch her little pensioners. She would say to her guests when taking up the plate of crumbs, 'Now my cat is going to exhibit his talents for your admiration'; and when the cat made his stalk and returned to them there would be much laughter at his expense. She would say too: 'How wonderful that so intelligent an animal should go on day after day trying to do something he can't do and never discovering that it can't be done! I dare say he will go on to the end without ever finding out that it is impossible to capture birds on the lawn by stalking them.'

But the cat did n't go on to the end with the same method. One afternoon, to her surprise, when she took the crumbs he went with her, and after she had thrown them on the grass under the tree he seated himself in the very middle of the becrumbed area and waited for the birds to come down and be caught. The birds overhead waited for him to go away; and a full hour was passed in this way — the cat very patient, the birds chirping and scolding and going and coming; but they would n't come down. Then at last the cat returned to his mistress and the birds had their meal in peace. The stalk was not attempted then or ever again. But on the following afternoon the cat went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again and placed himself in the middle of the crumbs, and again waited a full hour for the birds, and then as on the day before he gave it up. On the third day the whole thing was repeated, and the result was as before.

On the fourth afternoon the crumbs were taken to the usual place; the lady came back to the table, and everyone prepared to look and laugh at the cat once more. But they were disappointed. He never moved: the birds came in their usual numbers and had their meal, and the cat looked at them from his place beside his mistress, and from that day he made no further attempt to capture them.

In this instance the cat had made a fool of himself all the time — a bigger fool when he changed his strategy than before — but the very fact that he did change it appears to show reflection. He did n't know the mind of a bird a well as we do, but he had hit on the idea — one *must* use the word in this case — that it was his conspicuous advance over the smooth lawn which alarmed and sent them away; that if he dispensed with the advance and established himself beforehand where the food was, and sat still, they would come to devour it, and he being on the spot would have no difficulty in catching them! After giving this second plan three days' trial he was convinced that it was as useless as the former one, and so gave it up for good.

I have seen, and no doubt many have seem, similar instances in dogs of blunders which could not have been made if the animal had not tried by thinking to find out how to get what he wanted. Such cases are too common to be related, and I only give one because it is rather amusing. The friend who related it to me had a dog whose chief pleasure in winter was to lie on a patch of sunshine on the floor. He preferred that to the fire. In the morning he would repair to the room where the sunshine first made a patch on the floor. One morning he arrived too soon and found his sunshine-patch still on the wall. Knowing, one supposes, that it would eventually get down to the floor he sat down to watch and wait, but with manifest impatience. At last the golden patch of light got down to a box standing against the wall and covered the top of it as with a yellow drapery, and the dog, to accelerate its slow movement or to pull it down, began vigorously scratching at it with his paws and seemed very much surprised and puzzled at not being able to get it down to the floor.

The next-door cat, described as stalking a wagtail in the foregoing part, was in a village over against Falmouth where I was spending the winter. The succeeding winter was spent in Penzance, and there were two cats in the house — a Tom and a Puss, if it be permissible to describe their sexes in that way — both black: the former of the blackness of a slightly rusted black hat, with a white spot on his breast; the other of the blackness of a new black hat, without a white hair in her coat. Also she was very small for a full-grown cat, with the smallest head I have seen on a cat of her size, and exceptionally big eyes, pale luminous green, so that when she looked full at you her small face had the appearance of two immense shining green gems in a jet setting.

They soon established friendly relations with me, and as my sitting-room with a south aspect was always light and warm, and had easy-chairs with cushions on the seats placed at a convenient distance from the fire, they elected to spend most of their time in it. They also shared my meals — a saucer of milk at breakfast-time, a little meat or fish on a plate at early dinner, and again fish at the six o'clock tea, or if I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had nothing but an egg they would have some cream. And very soon, when feeding them, I noticed the extraordinary difference in their respective characters.

Both were true cats, unlike any other creature in the animal world; and whenever they were out in the front garden and spied me at the open window, they would run to the house, scale the porch and, clinging with claws and twisting their elastic bodies round, get on to its roof; then, with a flying leap on to a narrow ledge of the window and after doubling another dangerous corner, they jumped into the room.

But Tom, albeit a town-bred indoor cat, in appearance a tame domestic animal with nothing but the sight of wild birds coming to be fed to keep the tiger burning bright in him, was at bottom a primitive — a savage; and being of that nature his manners lacked polish. When he played he scratched; his way of asking to be fed was by digging his claws into my leg; and when the plate was set on the floor he would greedily monopolize it. Puss, withdrawing a little space, would look at him, then at me, and only when I pushed or dragged him back would she advance and begin to eat in her nice fastidious way.

Here I will relate a little incident which brought out the difference in character between them very strongly. In the spring I left and was absent for six months. On the day of my return I sat conversing with my landlady when Puss made her appearance at the door and, seeing me, came to a sudden stop on the threshold; then, after staring at me for two or three seconds, she dashed across the room and, jumping onto my knee, began vigorously licking my hand! It was an action one would expect in a dog of an affectionate disposition and with a memory good enough to recognize an old friend quickly after a long absence; but so rare in a creature so subtle, distant, cold and self-centred as the cat as to seem incredible — almost unnatural.

By and by Tom made his appearance and, after regarding me attentively for a few seconds, sat down quietly to listen to the conversation, which however did n't appear to interest him much. It would not have surprised me if he had yawned.

When feeding the cats it amused me to play on the nervyness of Puss by dropping a pinch of salt or powdered sugar on her back without allowing her to detect me doing it. This would startle her and she would stare all round to ascertain the cause. Then, when she began to eat again, another pinch, which would alarm her still more. A third little shower falling on her back would make her dash right to the other end of the room, when she would stand glaring about her for some time; then, gradually recovering courage but still suspicious, she would return to the plate. But a fourth pinch of salt would be too much for her and, jumping up, she would tear out of the room and down the stairs and keep away for half an hour or longer.

When I tried the experiment on Tom he paid no attention: he was too well occupied with his food to look up or to shake the sugar off. Once, to see how much he would stand, I continued dropping salt on him until it was finished and then went on with the powdered sugar, until his whole upper part from head to tail was white instead of black, and still no movement until he had finished eating; then he quietly moved away, shook the powder off, and settled down for a nap by the fire.

If Puss ever divined that I was to blame in the matter — that I had caused the excruciating pinches of salt to fall on her — as no doubt Tom with his superior intelligence did, it caused no break in our pleasant relations; but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was another matter about which we were in perpetual disagreement.

It was perhaps but a part or a result of her nervy temperament that caused her to take an intense, an almost painful, interest in any person and in everything going on in the house. Thus, if a ring or knock came at the front door, she would jump up and rush downstairs to see who the caller was, who was answering the knock, and what it was all about. And it was the same if she heard the voices of persons talking downstairs or anywhere in the house: she must go and see about it. As these goings and comings were very frequent she needed an open door, and often, when it was cold or the window was open and I did n't want a draught in the room, I would shut it. Then there would be a great to-do: Puss would run to the door, examine it, and run back to me to inform me that it was closed, then back to the door again, and so on until I would go and open it and let her out. But she wished to be in, not out, and so would begin scratching and mewing until I opened to her again. But she would not consent to remain with the door closed. Eventually we compromised by having the door closed, but not tightly, so that with her claws she could catch the edge of the wood and pull the door open herself when the door-bell or some sound made it necessary for her to go out.

But as there were times when I would not consent to this arrangement and resolutely kept the door shut tightly, there was never an end to our quarrel — it is going on still. And she is still trying to make me understand her and do exactly what she wants me to do without blundering the thing. One could put her requests and pleadings and expostulations into words: 'Do you know that you have again shut the door so that I can't get my claws in the wood to pull it open for myself? What am I to do if a ring at the bell should come now? How many, many times have I explained to you that the door must not be shut tight — that it prevents me from running out at a moment's notice to see to things? Are you so hopelessly lacking in intelligence that you cannot yet understand it?'

I cannot but believe that this cat is capable of thought — that our lasting quarrel about the door would have quickly ended if I had resolutely closed it against her wish at the first. But she distinctly recognizes that I am master of the door and that it is only through me that she can have it in the position she desires, and that, as I have frequently shown myself obedient to her wish, she can only look on my act in shutting it tight as a blunder — a piece of stupidity on my part.

The good old phrase of 'dumb animals' has fallen into discredit since we made the discovery that animals are not dumb but have a language (all except the earthworms and slugs) by means of which they communicate with one another. It is however a limited language designed to express few and simple things — desires and emotions in sounds familiar and easily understood, since they never vary. Thus, the cat's mewing, with but slight changes in tone, is her only way of telling you, or another cat, that she wants something, but what that something is she leaves you or the cat to find out.

Now, when I consider the cat I have been writing about in her anxious strivings to make me understand her wants, and her manifest puzzlement and astonishment at my failure to respond to her demands when it does not suit my pleasure to do so, I can only compare her to a deaf-and-dumb person who has been taught little or nothing and has nothing but a few comprehensible signs with which to communicate with those around him. He is cut off by silence from us, but as he is one of our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

species and we know that thought is before speech and exists independent of speech, and that thought is a function of the human brain, we know that he thinks. In like manner, reading the mind of this cat as well as I am able, I come to the conclusion that she thinks — albeit her thoughts may be very few and very simple compared with those of any human being above the age of four or five, and even with those of a person born deaf and dumb.

A lady in Kensington, a cat-lover, has favored me with an account of one of her many pets which seems well worth recording.

It came about by chance that a pup, a very few days old, was sent to the house by a friend, and that the gift of a kitten, whose surprised blue eyes had not long been opened, was received at nearly the same time. My informant and her mother and sister were delighted to get them both, as they were wanting both a dog and a cat, and now they would be reared from babyhood together and would become familiar with each other's ways and live in harmony. And it all turned out just as they had hoped. Kittie and pup slept together in one bed, fed from the same saucer and plate, and their whole time when they were not sleeping was spent in play.

When full-grown the cat was very small and the dog about two-thirds the size of a collie, so that there was a considerable discrepancy in their sizes, but this made no difference in their companionship and games together; and both were singularly gentle, nice-mannered and good-tempered animals.

When Pussy came of age she had an affair on one of her evening strolls, and later, when her time came near, she all at once became excessively anxious as to the proper place for her expected family. Every room in the house, from basement to attic, was visited in turn and minutely examined. The ladies watched her movements with deep interest without interfering except to open closed doors for her when she returned again and again to reinspect any room which had first attracted her. In due time the kittens came, and a day or two later Pussy came to the conclusion that they were not in the best room for them after all — that there was a better place in a room on the floor above.

Now the queer part of the business comes in: she did not remove nor, so far as they saw, attempt to remove them herself, but immediately trotted off in search of her friend, the dog, and he, well able from long custom to understand her, got up and followed her to the spot where the kittens were lying. Then, when he had looked at them, she started off to the upper room and he after her; but seeing that he was following empty-handed, so to speak, she doubled back and returned to the kittens, and eventually, after two or three more false starts, he understood her and, picking up one of the kittens in his mouth, followed her up the stairs to the new place. That was as far as his understanding went, and she had again to conduct him back to the others and repeat the whole performance, until in the end the kittens were all removed by the dog and she was happy in her new quarters. But only for a day: it was not the ideal spot after all, and another removal had to be made. Again the dog was summoned and did it all again, with less trouble than on the first occasion. And again Pussy became dissatisfied and there was a third removal, and from first to last there were so many removals that the ladies lost count of their number.

Now the instinct of the cat and of practically all mammals in which the young are born helpless and continue many days in that state is, when the parent desires to remove them to a safer or more suitable place, to pick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them up in her mouth and remove them one by one herself. So ineradicable is this instinct that it persists in the dog after thousands of years of domestication, and we know that the cat's instincts are even less affected by such a state than the dog's. Why, then, in this case did she not obey so powerful an impulse instead of relegating the task to a dog, an animal of another species?

Bergson would perhaps suggest or say that it was intuition, an indefinable faculty higher than either instinct or reason. There is no such thing: there is nothing but reason and instinct, or inherited memory, to prompt the actions of all animals, from earth-worm and emmet to elephant. The only possible explanation of the cat's actions is that she found herself powerless, probably after trial, to accomplish the task herself; that she then remembered her friend the dog, mentally visualizing him as a big strong creature with a big mouth to carry, and remembering also that he was obedient to her and quick to respond to her wishes. And she accordingly went to him for help, and he, being by chance exceptionally intelligent, did not fail her, although we cannot say that his reasoning powers were equal to hers. Her action undoubtedly shows reasoning of a higher kind than that of the cat described in the first part, though that too was reasoning. His impulse was to dash at the bird, but in the pause before it could be made he listened to the still small voice of the higher faculty telling him that he would fail again as he had failed many times before, and the small voice prevailed.

The fact of telepathy is now familiar by that name to everybody. But authentic instances of telepathy between man and animals are rare, and are confined to our domestic animals that rank highest in the scale of nature. Most cases are concerned with the dog, as, for example, the very remarkable one related some years ago by Sir Rider Haggard in the *Times*. An even more remarkable case of telepathic communication between man and horse — an old Sussex squire and his favorite cob — is given by M. A. Lower, author of *Sussex Worthies*, in his miscellany entitled *Contributions to Literature*.

That such cases should be extremely rare is only what might be expected, seeing that when it is undoubtedly a telepathic message, explicable in no other way, as when it produces a phantasm of the living, as it is called, it can emanate only from a mind in extreme distress or agony, or in a moment of deadly peril or suffering, and often enough at the moment of death. Again, we know that in these instances of extreme agitation there must always be a close bond of affection between sender and recipient, such as may exist between two close friends or near and dear relations and, as we also know, can and does often exist between a human being and a favorite or pet animal in the higher orders.

That such communication between mind and mind — brain-waves as they are sometimes called — should be possible between man and animals is but a further proof that they are, mentally, very near to us; that their brains function even as ours do, far as we have risen above them in all mental powers.

Here then, in conclusion of the article, I will give the first case of telepathy, as I consider it, I have met with between human being and cat.

The person concerned is the late Mrs. Barry, wife of the late Bishop Barry, and the account of what took place was written by Lady Alderson at Mrs. Barry's dictation. Mr. Ralph Alderson in looking over his late mother's papers found it, and has passed it on to me to make what use of it I wish, and I accordingly transcribe it here.

'In 1891 we left Knapdale to take up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our residence in "The Cloisters" at Windsor. For some time before I had a favorite black cat who had the distinction of not possessing a single white hair. She was unusually attached to me on account of my having saved her life from a dog, just two minutes before her first kitten was born — she had only one. The shock to the poor thing was so great that it was with difficulty I saved her life, and her terror at every sound was so pitiful that I gave up a small empty room to her and her kitten, locking her in, and allowing no one to go near but myself. I waited on her for a whole month, until she quieted down and allowed her kitten to see the world. Ever after when she had kittens she had the same attack of nerves and required my undivided attention. We were living then in an interesting old manor-house which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell. His daughter, Mrs. Ireton, was said to haunt the gallery: the house has always had the reputation of being haunted. I feel I ought to mention this, although I do not know whether it could in any way have affected the cat.

'After the Bishop's appointment up to the time of our removal the cat was much on my mind, as I dreaded the change and disturbance for her which all ordinary cats without nerves hate. But the gardener was left in the house, to take charge of it for a new tenant, so I made special arrangements that the cat should remain in his care, with good board wages, till I was quite settled, when I was to write for it and he would see her safely on her journey to Windsor.

'Time went on, and I did not worry about my cat and was waiting until all was ready, when one night I had a dream. I was walking — as I thought — in the garden at Knapdale, in a path under the wall, which was a favorite place of mine and where the black cat used to follow me up and down, when I heard a piteous cry, and looking up saw my Puss, standing on the top of the wall, in lamentable plight, evidently starved to death and very weak. I awoke much disturbed, but went to sleep again, and this appearance of the cat came to me three times that night.

'In the morning I told the Bishop that I intended to go off immediately to fetch my cat. He did his best to dissuade me from doing so, as he said I could telegraph to the gardener and the cat would arrive without any trouble. But I could not feel satisfied, and started off immediately after breakfast.

'On my arrival at Knapdale I found the house in the possession of workmen. On entering no gardener was to be seen, and no cat. Filled with anxiety, I asked every man I met if a black cat had been seen, but with no result. At last a woman in a house near by told me that the gardener had been dismissed summarily, and being no doubt unwilling I should know it, had departed and left the cat to its fate. This woman had heard the poor thing crying and had tried to get at it and give it milk, but it was always terrified and too wild to come near her. It occurred to me to go and walk under the wall I had seen in my dream, and which the cat had no doubt always associated with me, and call her. In a few minutes I saw a wild haggard face appear, gazing at me as if it could not believe the evidence of its senses, then down she came and rushed into my arms, and clung to me frantically. I carried her into the room we both remembered, and found her nothing but skin and bone and very weak. I went into the village and fed her, and during the many hours' journey home she lay quite still and purred whenever I stroked her.

'This story is perfectly true; who can explain the fact of the cat spirit being able to make an impression on a human spirit so as to induce me to act as I did and in time to save her life?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WOMAN I MET

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*The London Mercury*]

A STRANGER, I threaded sunken-hearted
A lamp-lit crowd;
And anon there passed me a soul departed,
Who mutely bowed.
In my far-off youthful years I had met her,
Full-pulsed; but now, no more life's debtor,
Onward she slid
In a shroud that furs half-hid.

'Why do you trouble me, dead woman,
Trouble me:
You whom I knew when warm and human?
— How it be
That you quitted earth and are yet upon it
Is, to any who ponder on it,
Past being read!'
'Still, it is so,' she said.

'These were my haunts in my olden sprightly
Hours of breath;
Here I went tempting frail youth nightly
To their death;
But you deemed me chaste — me, a tinseled sinner!
How thought you one with pureness in her
Could pace this street
Eyeing some man to greet?

'Well, your very simplicity made me love you
'Mid such town dross,
Till I set not Heaven itself above you
Who grew my Cross;
For you'd only nod, despite how I sighed for you;
Yea, tortured me, who fain would have died for you!
— What I suffered then
Would have paid for the sins of ten!

'Thus went the days. I feared you despised me
To fling me a nod
Each time, no more: till love chastized me
As with a rod
That a fresh bland boy of no assurance,
Should fire me with passion beyond endurance,
While others all
I hated, and loathed their call.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I said: "It is his mother's spirit
Hovering around
To shield him, maybe!" I used to fear it,
As still I found
My beauty left no least impression,
And remnants of pride withheld confession
Of my true trade
By speaking; so I delayed.

'I said: "Perhaps with a costly flower
He'll be beguiled."
I held it, in passing you one late hour,
To your face: you smiled,
Keeping step with the throng; though you did not see there
A single one that rivalled me there! . . .
Well, it's all past.
I died in the Lock at last.'

So walked the dead and I together
The quick among,
Elbowing our kind of every feather
Slowly and long;
Yea, long and slowly. That a phantom should stalk there
With me seemed nothing strange, and talk there
That winter night
By flaming jets of light.

She showed me Juans who feared their call-time,
Guessing their lot;
She showed me her sort that cursed their fall-time,
And that did not.
Till suddenly murmured she: 'Now tell me,
Why asked you never, ere death befell me,
To have my love,
Much as I dreamt thereof?'

I could not answer. And she, well weeting
All in my heart,
Said: 'God your guardian kept our fleeting
Forms apart!'
Sighing and drawing her furs around her
Over the shroud that tightly bound her,
With wafts as from clay
She turned and thinned away.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DURNOVO MEMORANDUM

II

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*
(HUGO STINNES SEMI-OFFICIAL PRESS)

WE have cultivated close relations with England ostensibly in order to have a free hand in the Dardanelles. But might we not attain that object without a war with Germany? It was not Germany, but England, which closed against us the outlet from the Black Sea. Did we not by Germany's aid free ourselves in 1871 from the humiliating restrictions forced upon us by the Paris Treaty? We have reason to assume that the Germans will be readier than the English to leave the Dardanelles in our hands. Germany has less at stake there than England. Berlin would be glad to purchase an alliance with us by that concession. Furthermore, we ought not to expect too much from the control of the Dardanelles. That interests us mainly because we could then bottle up the Straits so as to protect the Black Sea from enemy attack. Holding the Dardanelles would not give us access to the open ocean, because beyond them lies another closed body of water, controlled by other powers and studded with the naval bases of Great Britain. We shall have accomplished all we need when we insure ourselves against the naval inroads of the enemy into the Black Sea. By stopping with this, we shall avoid the hostility of the Balkan states, whose jealousy would be aroused were we to take full possession of the Straits.

A successful war will give us no territories beyond the Caucasus, except such as are inhabited by Armenians. In view of the revolutionary spirit of those people and their dreams of a greater Armenia, they would not be an entirely desirable acquisition. Should we desire to make conquests here, however, the Germans would be less likely to oppose us than the English. In fact the only really valuable territorial and economic acquisitions we can make are those which bring us into conflict with England, and not with Germany. They are in Persia, the Pamir, Central Asia, Mongolia, and along our other Asiatic frontiers, where we have no rivalry with Germany but incessant rivalry with Great Britain.

Moreover, were Germany to vanquish us, the only territories it could take away from Russia would be densely populated districts unsuitable for colonizing, and inhabited by Poles, Lithuanians, Letts, and Esthonians who are as rebellious toward us as they are hostile toward the Germans.

It may be objected that territorial questions have now become less important than economic questions. Even here our interests do not conflict with those of Germany to the extent assumed.

. . . Russia's future economic interests and those of England are opposed. Great Britain seeks to destroy German foreign trade and German industry, and to make that country again a poor agricultural state. It will benefit us on the other hand, for Germany to extend its foreign trade and to develop its manufacturing to the utmost; for that will enlarge the market for our agricultural produce and raw materials in that country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany is often charged — even leaving out of sight the onerous commercial treaty which it has imposed upon us — with trying to stifle our industrial progress and make Russia a virtual German colony. I regard these fears as much exaggerated. Germany's 'pressure to the East' is very natural since the country's territories are no longer sufficient for its growing population. It is perfectly normal that the excess should overflow along the lines of least resistance; *i.e.*, into the most thinly populated neighboring countries. The German government has been forced to respect this tendency even though opposed to it; for the emigrants lost thereby are subtracted from the strength of the nation. Quite reasonably, therefore, Germany has made every effort to preserve the ties which unite its expatriated sons with their mother country. Notwithstanding this, most of the migrants sever completely all relations with their native land. Undoubtedly this has induced the German government to seek colonies under its own flag. Of late, with the growth of Germany's colonial empire and of its industries, immigration has declined; and the day is not far distant when the so-called 'pressure to the East' will be nothing more than history. In any case, the extensive settlement of Germans in our country is contrary to our national interests and should be discouraged. But this need not prevent our remaining friends with Germany. In advocating such friendship I do not advocate becoming that country's vassal.

. . . Germany can hardly object to our restricting the immigration of its citizens, for it desires that they should go to its own colonies. Even earlier, when German industries were not yet able to furnish employment to all the people of the country, the government did not protest against the measures taken by Tsar Alexander III to discourage Germans coming to our country.

Turning now to the alleged efforts of Germany to control our domestic commerce and manufactures, Russia is too poor both in capital and industrial ability to do without foreign aid. So long as this condition continues, we shall inevitably import foreign capital, foreign managers, and foreign technical skill. During this period, we can obtain these things from Germany more advantageously than from any other country. We can get capital at lower rates and technical experts at lower salaries. It is this which enables the Germans to supply us with manufactures more cheaply than the English, and to drive English goods from our markets. Cheap German capital is also to be credited with the development of industries in Russia which are not lucrative enough to tempt capital from other countries. A larger share of the profits German capital earns in Russia stays in the country, than in case of English or French investments. More than that, a larger part of the profits of German capital is reinvested in this country; for it is common for Germans to take up their residence here when they start enterprises among us, while few Englishmen and Frenchmen do that. This is why we have so many resident German manufacturers and extremely few English and French manufacturers. Gentlemen of the latter nationality stay at home and extort the last possible kopeck from their Russian enterprises. But the Germans live here. Many of them become permanent residents. They differ from most other foreigners in the ease with which they are assimilated. Who does not know, for example, Frenchmen and Englishmen who have lived in Russia all their lives without learning to speak a word of Russian? And is it not very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rare to meet a German who does not understand Russian, although he may speak it brokenly? One more point: who among us does not know genuine Russians, members of the orthodox church, one-hundred-per-cent Russian patriots, whose fathers, or at most whose grandfathers, were German immigrants? Last of all, we should bear in mind that Germany has a direct stake in our economic prosperity. In this respect its interests differ from those of other countries which are intent on getting the largest possible revenues from their Russian investments even though at the expense of our permanent prosperity. The Germans, however, are so largely middlemen, whose business gains are contingent on the prosperity of Russian trade, that they have selfish motives for promoting the general welfare of our country.

In any case, even if it should prove necessary, eventually, to eliminate German influence from our economic life — to exclude completely German investments from this country — it seems to me we could accomplish that without necessarily going to war with Germany. That war will demand such enormous expenditures that its cost will far overtop any disadvantage we may suffer from German industrial penetration. It will surely leave us in a state of business ruin incomparably worse than the yoke of German capital could ever cause. We know beyond any doubt that the cost of the war will be many times greater than our financial resources. We shall have to depend upon loans made us by our allies and by neutral countries. Those advances will not be made gratuitously. The situation will be bad enough if we win; it will be worse than disastrous if we fail. In the latter event, a complete collapse of our whole economic system is inevitable.

Suppose we are victorious. Germany will be crushed, and unable to indemnify us for our war expenditures. England will dictate a peace treaty what will make it impossible for Germany ever to pay such an indemnity. What little we could collect from that country we should have to share with our allies; and at best it would be but a small fraction of what war would cost us. Meanwhile, we shall have to pay our allies in full. They will have no motive to spare us, and indeed the very fact that we have become politically stronger by victory, will be but an added motive for them to keep us in economic vassalage.

Unhappy as are our economic prospects, therefore, as a result of our alliance with England and our coming war with Germany, they are relatively reassuring compared with the political perils which threaten us from this unhappy policy. We must bear in mind that Russia and Germany are the world's last champions of conservatism and opponents of democracy, of which England and, to a far less extent, France, are the spokesmen. Remarkable as it may seem, England, which is monarchist and conservative to the marrow at home, consistently champions every demagogic vagary abroad. It regularly supports any popular movement that looks toward the destruction of monarchy and of orderly political institutions. This makes a war between Germany and Russia, regardless of how it may end, a certain disaster for both parties. It is sure to weaken the conservative forces in the world, of which these powers are the foremost protectors. More than that, under the exceptional conditions which will inevitably surround the war which is now preparing in Europe, we can predict with certainty that whatever the outcome, Russia and Germany will both be mortally threatened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is my profoundest conviction, based upon the sedulous study of every contemporary revolutionary movement which has occurred for many years, that a social revolution will inevitably break out in the defeated country and will unavoidably, and under the inescapable impulse of events, spread to the victorious country. For the channels of communication and sympathy which have been formed between different lands during the long years of peace are so numerous that a radical overturn of social institutions in one will invariably affect the others. Neither is there any doubt but that such a shock to existing institutions will have a social rather than a political character in both Russia and Germany.

Russia naturally affords exceptionally favorable soil for social agitation. The rank and file of our population are unconscious converts to socialist theories. In spite of the critical attitude of the upper classes toward the government, which is quite as spontaneous as the socialism of the masses, a purely political revolution is impossible in Russia; and any revolutionary movement will inevitably assume a socialist character. There is no real strength behind our political opposition. That opposition must draw its support from the common people who are unable to see any difference between government officials and other educated men. The average Russian of the rank and file, the peasant and the laborer, is not particularly interested in political rights. He does not know how to use them or appreciate what they mean. The peasant dreams of getting some other man's land without paying for it. The laborer dreams of getting all the capital invested and the profits made in the enterprise which employs him without paying for it. Neither one wants anything more than that. All that is necessary for any government to do in order to survive is to consent to these two things. But that spells certain anarchy, such as we experienced for a brief period during the unhappy outburst of 1905 and 1906. War with Germany would create extraordinarily favorable conditions for such an agitation. It would impose numerous hardships upon us. We should have no triumphal procession to Berlin. There would be inevitable disasters even though we might hope that they would be rare. There would be equally inevitable failures in regard to supplies and ammunition. Our upper classes are so extraordinarily sensitive and excitable that they would attach exaggerated importance to these incidents and hasten to damn the government. If the government were resolute, and took the firm position that it could tolerate no criticism or opposition in the midst of war, there might be little difficulty; for these critics would not represent the rank and file of the people and would have no power behind them.

. . . However, things may not take so favorable a turn. The government may make concessions, may try to compromise with the opposition. It will thus weaken itself when the Socialists begin to raise their heads. Any compromise with the opposition weakens the government in Russia, because the opposition refuses to recognize that it has no real power. It is a mere clique of educated people, and it is paralyzed by the fact that a deep gulf of misunderstanding and distrust yawns between it and the masses. We had to adopt an artificial franchise law and call upon the government to run every detail of the elections in order to get real champions of the common people elected to the Duma. Had the government not intervened, had we left the elections to take their own course, there would not have been a single educated man in the legislature except a few agitators and demagogues. The peasant will always give

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his vote to some landless government official in preference to a solid and sensible land-owner. The workingman will vote for some salaried factory inspector rather than for a conservative and competent factory owner. And the peasant and the worker will do this regardless of the political principles of the candidates themselves.

. . . Our opposition in Russia demands a responsible executive, an executive which voluntarily subordinates itself to a Parliament of its own artificial creation. In other words, it asks the government to imitate a savage, who carves an idol with his own hands and then falls down before it and worships it with fear and trembling!

. . . If we win the war, the suppression of the socialist movement will not prove impossible. We shall have agrarian disturbances. It will be insisted that the soldiers be granted land. There will be labor unrest, and the transition from the high wages of the war period to normal wages will prove difficult. But we may hope to deal with these problems successfully unless the wave of revolution from Germany sweeps across our border. In case of a defeat, however, which we must always view as possible with such an opponent as Germany, a social revolution in its most acute form will be inevitable in Russia. It will begin with attributing our failure to the faults of the government. A bitter fight against the authorities will start in the Duma, during which revolutionary uprisings will occur in the provinces. The insurgents will proclaim socialist objects from the outset, for those are the only objects which will rally the common people to the standards of revolution. First, there will be a demand to divide up the land; next, to divide up all other kinds of property. The defeated army which will have lost its most reliable troops in the course of the war and consist now of peasants more or less infected with the new land theories, will become utterly demoralized and cease to protect society or public order. The Duma and the upper class opposition to the government will have no control whatever over the masses or the population. They will be tossed about helplessly on the waves of the tempest they themselves have invited. Russia will be precipitated into hopeless anarchy, the outcome of which no one can predict.

Incredible as it may seem at first glance, Germany also will be exposed to a ruinous social cataclysm if it be defeated; and this in spite of the extraordinary docility of the German people. A defeat will rest so heavily upon the nation that the subversive element working beneath the surface of society will break through existing restraints. The present government of that country is founded on the practical suzerainty of the agrarians — the Prussian junkers, and the well-to-do peasantry. These are the bulwarks of the extremely conservative government over which Prussia presides. The vital interests of these classes demand a fiscal policy which protects agriculture, imposes high tariffs on grain, and insures high prices for all agricultural commodities. However, by virtue of its limited territories and rapidly growing population, Germany has long since ceased to be an agrarian state and has become a manufacturing state. Therefore, the tariff on agricultural produce has become in practice a tax upon a majority for the benefit of a minority. An attempt has been made to compensate this majority by encouraging the export of German manufactures to foreign markets and thus enabling manufacturers and wage-earners to pay higher prices for their food. But, if Germany is crushed, it will lose those foreign markets. The whole purpose of England, which is the real instigator of the war, is to destroy Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man competition. If it gains its object, German industry will be shaken to its foundations, and the working-people will be deprived not only of their high war wages, but of all regular wages. Having borne in addition the burdens of the war and its disappointments, they will be in a state of mind peculiarly favorable for any agitation directed against the land owners and the existing social organization. Patriotism will be undermined by defeat. The nation will be embittered against militarism and the old feudal régime, which have betrayed the nation's hopes. The Socialist Parties will use this bitterness to leave the path of peaceful evolution they have hitherto advocated, and to adopt an outright revolutionary programme. Agricultural laborers and tenants, who also are very numerous in Germany, will likewise become restless, especially if a socialist agitation sweeps over their agrarian neighbor Russia. We may expect, likewise, the latent separatist tendencies in South Germany to revive. Bavaria's secret hostility to Prussian rule will reassert itself. In a word, conditions may occur which, under certain circumstances, will be hardly distinguishable from those in Russia.

Summarizing all I have said, we come to the irresistible conclusion that our entente with England promises no advantages, and is a cardinal mistake. Our path and that of England diverge, and we ought not to embroil ourselves with Germany in England's behalf. The Triple Entente is an artificial thing. It is not based upon community of interest. The future does not belong to such a world arrangement, but to the more normal and natural alliance of Russia, Germany, a reconciled France, and a Japan bound to Russia by a strong defensive treaty. Such a political combination would be free of any aggressive intent toward other governments and would guarantee peace among the civilized nations. That peace is not threatened so much by Germany's warlike preparations as by England's natural endeavor to maintain at all costs the monopoly of the seas, which is now slipping from its hands.

JESUS IN EGYPT

BY R. S.

From *Vossische Zeitung, February* 8
(Berlin Conservative Liberal Daily)

Some ten years ago the scientific world was startled by an alleged epoch-making discovery, which promised to throw an unexpected light upon the hitherto unknown youthful history of the Founder of the Christian religion. What had hitherto been vaguely suspected, what theosophists, anthroposophists, occultists, and other unorthodox visionaries had long mysteriously hinted, seemed to find documentary confirmation. Jesus had been brought up in the esoteric wisdom of Egypt, and like other mortals, had passed through a course of human training and development, which explained his extraordinary intellectual gifts, his lofty ethics, and his unexampled leadership; qualities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he could hardly have acquired in his proper home, in the little village of Nazareth, as the son of Joseph the carpenter.

The discovery of such a precious document, which seemed calculated to revolutionize completely the accepted views of the personal biography of the Nazarene and to destroy a tradition two thousand years old, with all its erroneous premises and conclusions, was due to the sharpsightedness and miraculous good fortune of a hitherto obscure novelist, Ernst Edler von der Planitz. In a five-volume work entitled: *A Childhood Friend of Jesus; Letters of the Egyptian Physician Benan, dating from the time of Domitian; from the original Greek text and the later Coptic translation*, this writer has published to the world the remarkable results of his study.

Mr. von der Planitz ascribes the authorship of this remarkable letter to an Egyptian priest-physician, Benan of Memphis, who wrote in the year 83 A.D., to his friend Straton, a rhetorician and former private secretary of the Emperor Tiberius, a detailed account in which he designed to inform posterity of certain remarkable facts regarding the origin of the Christian doctrines, and of his own personal association with them. He begins his account with the Star of Bethlehem and the birth of Jesus (Matt. 2:1). A certain Putiphra, an astronomer at the observatory in Anu-Heliopolis, was sent by the high priest of the temple, Ranebchru, to observe the star Sirius, in the land *Apriu* (the Hebrews), and discovered it on the first of *Mesori*, at a point and at the same day and hour at which a child was born. This child was entrusted to him by its parents to be educated, and was brought to Anu, where it was reared with the greatest care by Ranebchru, who had a presentiment of its future greatness, and by Pinehas, the high priest of the Jewish Onias Temple, who taught the boy Hebrew and Hebrew literature. When he was twelve years old his longing to see his native land and his mother, drew him back to Nazareth. He made an Easter pilgrimage with his parents to Jerusalem, where he created a great sensation among the learned as a reader of the Holy Scriptures and an interpreter of the prophets (Luke 2:46). Not long after this, however, he felt called to return to Egypt. Benan, the author of the letter, became his friend at Heliopolis and often conversed with him upon the one God, the beneficent and perfect Father. Later Jehoschua (Jesus) practised his medical art, which he had learned from the Egyptian priests, and acquired a great reputation on account of his wonderful cures. When he was twenty-six years old Jehoschua received a visit from his famous fellow believer, Philo of Alexandria, and spent ten days in conference with him upon religious questions. He was already acquainted with the Jewish sect of Therapeutists and was influenced by their doctrine. After remaining many years in Egypt, during which time he had a romantic courtship with Asartis, the daughter of a rich grain dealer, Senbu, Jesus returned, according to the deathbed wish of his teacher Pinehas, to the land of his fathers, in order to labor there as a teacher and healer. After three years, as no word of the departed traveler had reached Anu, Benan was sent, at the instance of Ranebchru, to learn what had become of him. Filled with sad forebodings he hastened his journey to Jerusalem, and arrived there on the very day of the crucifixion. He was present at the sepulchre on the day of the resurrection, witnessed the reappearance of Jesus and his lament over Jerusalem, and returned to Egypt, where the priestly chapter held formal death ceremonies in his honor. While they were in progress the Phœnix

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeared at the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, which Ranebchru interpreted as testifying to the immortality of Jehoschua. This concludes the first part of the letter.

In the second part Benan describes many other incidents of his life, in the course of which he appears to have been an eye-witness of several of the most important incidents in the early growth of the new religion. He was the personal physician of Emperor Tiberius, of Claudius, and of Caligula. He was acquainted with Paul during his imprisonment in the Tullianum, and describes the latter's relations with Seneca, — a well-known primitive Christian legend. He witnessed the persecutions of the Christians under Claudius, and under Nero after the burning of Rome. Then he revisited Palestine, where he sought the acquaintance of the leaders of the young Christian sect. In Cæsarea he was the personal physician of Titus, in whose following he witnessed the siege and capture of Jerusalem. Later he came to know the evangelist Marcus, in Egypt, and at a later period saw Titus enter Rome in triumph, with Simon Peter, John, and other Christians among the prisoners exhibited. The letter closes with a prophetic survey of the coming victory of Christianity over paganism.

Now, how did von der Planitz come to discover this remarkable and valuable document? Where did he chance upon a literary relic of such unprecedented value? It reads like a romance, almost more wonderful than the letter itself. According to his statement, the letter was discovered in 1860 in the Coptic original text, which is based in turn upon a lost Greek original. The discoverer is said to be the scholar and universal historian, Freiherr von Rabenau, who died in Munich in 1879 at the age of eighty-two years. He personally picked up the roll of papyrus containing the original Coptic manuscript among the ruins of the village *Mit Rahine*, south of Cairo. After untold difficulties, Rabenau, with the assistance of his pupil, von der Planitz, succeeded in piecing together the badly mutilated scroll and in deciphering and translating it. Unfortunately, Mr. von Rabenau died during one of the sojourns of von der Planitz in Paris, where the latter was personally making investigations at the Louvre. His papers were scattered, and the invaluable original manuscript of the Benan letter was lost. Since, however, the text of the letter had been deciphered through their joint efforts, von der Planitz continued after von Rabenau's death the task upon which the two had been engaged, and now, thirty-four years later, publishes the results of their first study.

It is certainly deeply to be regretted that the priceless original manuscript of the Benan letter should have disappeared under such remarkable circumstances. However, so sharp-sighted and marvelously lucky an investigator as Mr. von der Planitz would hardly fail to find a substitute. Ten years after the publication of the Benan letter, he succeeded in getting possession of a second, and almost more remarkable and valuable document. This was also on Egyptian papyrus which, as the contents, language, and writing show, was written in the very earliest Christian period, and refers in one passage to the residence of Jesus in Egypt. This wonderful papyrus which, according to Mr. von der Planitz, is still preserved in a European museum (he does not tell us which), contains likewise striking confirmations of the statements in the Benan letter.

This is the remarkable and peculiar story of the discovery of the Benan letter and of the later work upon it by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ernst von der Planitz. Unhappily, religious historians after several years of silence have been heartless enough to brand the whole discovery as a forgery. Under the critic's lens, the whole web of this alleged discovery vanishes in blue smoke. The eminent specialists, Dr. Carl Schmidt, Professor of Church History at the University of Berlin and the greatest living scholar in the Coptic language and literature, and Dr. Hermann Grapow, the Egyptologist, have just published the results of their investigations, under the title: *The Benan Letter, a Modern Forged Biography of Jesus, by Ernst Edler von der Planitz.*

This little monograph which, though it contains hardly one hundred pages, fully exhausts the subject, arrives at a conclusion which may be summarized as follows: 'No letter written by an Egyptian physician, Benan, has ever existed in the Greek or in the Coptic language. The alleged translation of an ancient original, which Mr. von der Planitz gives us in his thick volumes, is a pure product of the imagination; is, to put it more plainly, a modern forgery — a romance from the pen of a romance writer. No such historian as Freiherr von Rabenau, who is alleged to have discovered and deciphered the manuscript, ever existed. However, this name does conceal a real person, namely the Egyptologist, J. F. Lauth, born in 1822 and deceased in 1895, who, from 1849 to 1879, resided in Munich where he was a professor at the University, and a member of the Academy of Sciences. He was a man of deep learning, but uncritical in the highest degree, and the victim of an undisciplined imagination; so that his works and treatises are a mixture of valuable original discoveries and the wildest and most arbitrary deductions from them. Schmidt shows that von der Planitz has borrowed all the dates, names, and antiquarian lore of this fanciful romance from the almost forgotten writings of this deceased *savant.* We should add that Lauth himself held very decided views regarding the close connection between Biblical doctrines and Egyptian learning — and Oriental learning in general — some of which have been completely disproved by subsequent investigation. This little pamphlet is a model of critical analysis and chains the attention of the reader from the first line to the last. The legend of the Benan letter is thus destroyed forever.

THE PROBLEM OF PEACE

BY N. LENIN

[We print below Lenin's speech to the Tenth Pan-Russian Congress, in which he argued in favor of the far-reaching changes in Communist policies which have been the subject of wide comment in this country and Europe.]

From *Clarté, May* 6
(PARIS RADICAL PACIFIST WEEKLY)

COMRADES: In my opinion the important question of the hour, one which should absorb our attention, is that of the transition from war to peace. Without doubt all of you, or at least most of you, will recall that we have been trying for three years to accomplish that; but we have never been able to succeed because international capitalism demanded our military subjugation. I recall that in April 1918, three years ago, I had occasion to address the Cen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral Pan-Russian Executive Committee on the questions of the hour, under the assumption that the civil war was practically over, when in fact it was only beginning. You will recall that at our Party Convention a year ago we based all our plans upon a similar calculation, believing that the enormous concessions we were making would surely bring us peace. But that very month of April, 1920, the Polish bourgeoisie, aided and encouraged by other imperialist and capitalist governments, and interpreting our wish for peace as a sign of weakness, launched against us a grand offensive which they were forced to pay for by a peace less advantageous than the one we previously offered them. We were not able therefore to proceed at that time with the labors of peace. We had to concentrate our energy upon the war with Poland, and when that was concluded upon the war with Wrangel. These enterprises have monopolized our efforts for a full year.

Now we can resume our labors of peace since we have swept our enemies from the territories of the Soviet Republic. But this process is causing a shock, the consequences of which we have not fully pondered in advance.

The demobilization of the army, which we had to distribute to its homes under the greatest difficulties, has created unanticipated problems. These explain many of our economic and social ills. As early as the end of last year I pointed out that our most serious troubles this spring would turn about demobilization. I must admit that we did not appreciate how great our embarrassments would be. We do not even yet fully realize the misery which prevails throughout the country, as a result of the great imperialist World War and the civil war which followed. For several years the energy of the nation has been concentrated upon fighting. Everything has been sacrificed to that. Not until now, when the war is over, have we had time to survey the poverty and ruin which have befallen us. Only now can we stop to think of binding up our wounds.

Without any doubt the Central Committee has deceived itself into underestimating the difficulties of demobilization; but we must allow for the fact that we had no base-line from which to measure them. Civil war imposed upon us one line of action — to subordinate everything to victory. It was only by sticking inflexibly to this rule, and concentrating all our energy on a single purpose, that the Red forces were able to defeat Kolchak, Yudenich, and their successors.

Underestimating as we did the problems of demobilization, we have as a consequence committed many mistakes. Let me pass at once to the most serious mismanagement and the most conspicuous blunders of which of Communist Party has been guilty. Let me recite briefly the errors we have made in three fields — in the conduct of the Polish war, the distribution of fuel, and the matter of provisions.

Unquestionably we made a mistake in advancing too rapidly against Warsaw. I will not stop to examine whether this was a strategic or a political error. That would involve us in too long a discussion. But in any case, it was a blunder, due to our overestimating our strength. Whether this unfounded optimism was due to economic conditions or to the appeal which the campaign made to the petty bourgeoisie and other elements ordinarily hostile to communism and the dictatorship of the proletariat, is too complex a question for us to debate here. Let us stop merely with the fact that we blundered in our Polish campaign.

Coming now to the food question, we find ourselves convicted of equal errors. During the past season we did better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with our grain requisitions than any year preceding. Our complete collection reached 250,000,000 poods. Up to February 1, we had collected 235,000,000 poods, although during the entire previous year we had collected only 210,000,000 poods. In other words, we got more in a short period than during the whole preceding season. Nevertheless of these 235,000,000 poods, 155,000,000 were consumed during the first half of the year, or an average of 25,000,000 poods a month. We must admit, therefore, that we did not use our supplies wisely, although they were more abundant than the preceding year. Apparently, we did not foresee the crisis which would come in the spring and were betrayed into unwise generosity by our eagerness to increase the rations of the famished workers.

We must confess further that we have had no scientific basis for calculating our rations. Every capitalist government, in spite of the chaos and confusion peculiar to that system, has some sort of an experience-table to guide it. By studying and comparing the statistics of different years, certain scientific laws of supply and demand are worked out. We had no such basis upon which to figure, and when we found ourselves with supplies of food to give our workmen, we did not know where to set the limit. It is clear that we should have increased the rations more moderately and have kept a reserve for the rainy day we knew was coming. I cite this blunder as a typical one, showing that the transition from war to peace brings with it peculiarly difficult problems, and that we have neither the experience nor the data with which to solve them. As a result the crisis has become worse.

Much the same thing happened in the case of fuel. We come right back to the fundamental weakness in our economic organization. The transition from war to peace and the economic reconstruction which we discussed at our last Party Conference, and to which we have devoted ourselves mainly during the past year, can be successfully carried out only by a rationing system judiciously administered. Unless we succeed here, it is useless to talk of industrial reconstruction. Undoubtedly we are in a better position than a year ago. Then we had neither coal nor petroleum. Our military victories have given us both these essential things. But knowing this, we have consumed our supplies so wastefully that we find our reserves exhausted.

Now let me repeat: all of these errors are associated with our rapid transition from war to peace. That is a crisis which is proving to be much more difficult than we imagined. It really calls for longer preparation and better guaranties of permanent peace than we now have.

Furthermore, the present crisis has been aggravated by a short harvest. I have just told you our food-supply department has gathered a much larger quantity of provisions than the year before; but none the less, one of the principal causes of the present crisis is a bad crop season. That has resulted in a considerable diminution of forage which, in turn, has caused a decrease in livestock. Our requisitions have been carried out in districts where the grain reserves are not large. The amplest supplies are in the frontier republics of Siberia and the Caucasus, where soviet authority is least firmly established, where our administrative machinery is least efficient, and where the difficulties of transportation are greatest. Consequently, the larger supplies actually collected have been gathered in districts where the crop was poorest; and this again has aggravated the agricultural crisis.

So we miscalculated; though in fact, we were so hard-pressed that we had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little choice. A country that has just gone through a disastrous foreign war, followed by a civil war, has no other recourse but to confiscate the supplies of the peasants — even without compensation. We told the peasants: 'Surely you will give your grain to the Workers' and Peasants' Government; for you have no other defender against your old landlords.' We could not do otherwise under war conditions. But this practice, on account of the prolongation of the war, has so disorganized our farming industries that the poor crop, the reduction in the cultivated area, the deterioration of our agricultural machinery, the exhaustion of our soil, might well lead us to expect a scarcity. We gathered more grain than we anticipated in spite of that. But the agricultural crisis became more acute.

Having thus reviewed briefly our experience during the past year, let us examine the problems now before us.

Assistance is coming from Western Europe. It is not coming as fast as we should like, but it is coming surely. I have said on previous occasions that one of the greatest historical events of recent times was the Second Congress of the Communist International. Compared with a year ago international revolution has made appreciable progress. The Communist International at the time of its first meeting was 'only a proclamation'; now it exists, with an organized political party in every country, and not merely a wing of a party. Communism has become the central issue of the labor movement of the world. It holds that position in Germany, France, and Italy, where it is the heart not only of the labor movement but also of the whole political life of the country. Last autumn you could not open a German or French newspaper without reading something about Moscow, or the Bolsheviki, or the twenty-one conditions for adhesion to the Third International. That is an undoubted gain for us. International revolution is spreading step by step with the economic crisis in Europe. But it would be folly to suggest that we may expect aid from that part of the world immediately. None of you, I assume, cherishes that hope. We have learned to understand in the course of the last three years that we cannot set a definite date for the proletarian revolution.

For this reason, we must plan our campaign so as to recognize the survival of classes in our own country and their existence in other countries, in order that we may preserve our dictatorship for a prolonged period and work ourselves out of the misery and constant crises from which we are now suffering. That is the only sensible and rational policy.

I want now to take up the question of our foreign relations. Since the Ninth Party Congress we have been absorbed in an effort to substitute peaceable commercial relations with the capitalist countries in place of the existing state of war. We have taken formal diplomatic measures with that object in view, and have successfully measured our diplomacy against that of our opponents. When, for example, the representatives of the United States and the League of Nations proposed to us to cease under certain conditions our operations against Denikin and Kolchak, they thought they were putting us in a hole. But they had miscalculated and were obliged to withdraw their proposal. That was a fact recorded in the press and in the diplomatic literature of the whole world. But we could not rest content with mere diplomatic victory. We need real commercial relations. Only last year did the situation mature sufficiently to take up this question. We began to negotiate a trade-treaty with England, but the Polish war delayed us a long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time. The British bourgeoisie wished to resume trade with us and was ready to sign a treaty, but the Court opposed and prevented it. The Polish war postponed this treaty.

The matter of concessions comes in here. We have been more engaged with them during the past year than previously. On November 23, the Council of Peoples' Commissioners published a decree upon this subject. A majority of the Central Committee is of the opinion that concessions are necessary, and we shall ask you to prescribe certain conditions regulating them. They are necessary because we cannot restore our ruined industries alone, without technical assistance and equipment from abroad. It is not enough simply to import machinery. We can grant concessions so as to insure the employment of the most modern equipment and thereby increase production. Anyone who examines our situation calmly will agree that we cannot better it otherwise. Negotiations are already under way with certain of the largest trusts. Naturally, these trusts are not going to serve us for nothing. They will demand an immense profit. The capitalism of to-day is not like capitalism in normal times. It makes one hundred per cent on its investments, because it is able to monopolize the business of the whole world. Naturally under these conditions we must pay dearer for what we get, but at any cost we must perfect our mechanical equipment.

On February 1, 1921, the Committee of Peoples' Commissioners decided to purchase abroad 18,500,000 poods of coal. We had already begun to feel the fuel crisis. We shall have to make still greater concessions to get articles which the peasants need.

We must understand that we cannot exist under the present critical conditions without appealing to the villages to save the cities. We must bear in mind that the bourgeoisie has tried to stir up the peasants against the city workmen.

Let us consider now certain collateral economic questions. What does it really signify to abolish freedom of trade, of which the petty bourgeoisie talks so much? It means that there is still a conflict of interests which we have not been able to reconcile between the proletariat and the small, private producers. I refer to the inevitable attitude of the proletariat toward small, private producers in a country where the proletariat is winning or already victorious, but where that proletariat is a minority of the people, and the majority consists of members who are small private producers, — the petty bourgeoisie.[1] In such a country the proletariat must eventually carry out the change from small freehold-farming to collective and communal farming. This is the theory, and upon it we have based our legislation. However, we know that laws are not sufficient of themselves; that it is their application and administration which counts. But such laws cannot be applied until our large-scale manufactures have been developed to the point where they demonstrate to the individual producer that communal production is better than private production.

Now this is precisely the condition which prevails in Russia, where we have a minority proletariat in a nation the immense majority of whom are peasants. At the same time the conditions under which we have had to defend the Revolution were such as to render exceedingly difficult the solution of our problems. We have not been in a position to show by actual example the advantage of communist manufacturing, because our factories were ruined or reduced to a most precarious state, and we could not revive them without call-

[1] Lenin means small freeholding farmers and independent mechanics working for themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing for great sacrifices from the farmers themselves. We must increase production, and that requires coal; but coal is useless unless we can transport it, and for that we must have the aid of the peasants. Right in the midst of a crisis like the present one, when scarcity of forage has caused great mortality among our livestock, we face the problem of inducing the peasants to aid the government to restore industries which have so far given the peasants nothing. That is the root of our present difficulties. During the war we could say to the peasant: 'Lend us your grain in order that we may survive. It is a war-measure.' Now, however, we have no such excuse. Our hands are free to start at once on reconstruction and we must have a different message for the small farmers and small proprietors, and small mechanics who work to supply the general market, and who will continue to do so until our large factories are reëstablished and our economic success is achieved. But we cannot restore our large factories by the old methods. It will take dozens of years, and perhaps longer, considering our lack of economic cohesion. During this period we must temporize with our small producers, and freedom of commerce will inevitably be one of the questions concerning which we must treat. Taking all this into consideration the Central Committee has decided to submit a proposal to substitute for the requisitions of grain a fixed tax in kind. That question arose back in 1918. The law of December 30 of that year imposed a tax of kind upon the peasants, but it was never put into effect. The law was accompanied by a series of regulations which we did not try to enforce. The necessities of war forced us to demand of the peasants all they could give. However, it was a measure favorable to the peaceful progress of agriculture. The peasants wanted to be sure that, having once given the government a certain quantity of grain, the remainder would be left them for their own uses. Our whole policy, however, was overturned by the necessities of war. That forced us to requisition provisions without considering the effect this would have upon industry as a whole. Now, however, that we are passing from a war status to a peace status, we begin to regard this question of taxation from a different standpoint. We do not look upon it merely from the point of view of national defense, but also from the point of view of contenting the peasants. We must accomplish the impossible here. It is a matter of vital moment for us. We must grant the peasants a certain degree of freedom in local trading, and, in place of the requisition, must substitute a tax, so that the peasants can figure out their crops in relation to their tax. We shall encounter many difficulties in putting this plan into effect; but we shall make whatever concessions are necessary to educate the small farmer against the day when we can place power in his hands.

Hitherto we have been under war regulations; now we must prepare to live under the conditions of peace. When we took up this question before the Central Committee, it took at once the form of our concessions policy. The proletarian government can form alliances with capitalist governments by means of these concessions. Restoration of our industries demands such alliances, without which we cannot make satisfactory progress towards communism. At the same time, we must protect the peasants so far as is possible during this period of transition, since the peasants are an overwhelming majority of our people. We must guarantee them freedom of enterprise. Our revolution is hemmed in on every side by capitalist countries. So long as that continues, our foreign relations are sure to be ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tremely complicated. Exhausted and shattered as we are by war, we cannot devote all our energy to managing economic relations between a proletarian government whose factories are merely a vast wreck, and the small farmers who remain up to the present what they have always been, and who can not survive unless their present farming system is sustained by a certain amount of trade freedom. In my opinion these two conditions are the pressing questions of the hour, both from the economic and the political standpoint. It is to them that we must devote our thought and effort from the moment hostilities end and we are really on the road to peace. The existing unrest among the petty bourgeoisie which characterizes this period, is itself an admonition of the policy we must adopt.

If we consider all I have described from the point of view of the class-struggle — avoiding error in our understanding of the relations between the proletariat and the petty bourgeoisie — we shall see that the problem is very difficult; that it will require careful and delicate handling to insure the victory of the proletariat. The fact that as long ago as 1918 we issued a decree providing a tax in kind, proves that we are dealing with a question which demands a Communist solution, but a solution which the war prevented our undertaking at the time. The war compelled us to follow war procedure. But it would be a grave blunder for us to assume therefore that only war measures are permissible and possible during the period of transition from war to peace. Involved as we are in economic crises, we must bear in mind that it is much easier to perfect a proletarian government in a country where industry is organized on a grand scale, than in a country where manufacturing is still done for the most part in small workshops and on a petty scale. We must recognize the necessity of granting concessions in order that we may obtain the agricultural machinery we require. We should realize that we must arrange for the barter of grain for that machinery; that we must open channels for direct exchange between the proletarian artisan and the proletarian peasant, so as to assure the survival and well-being of both during the initial years of peace.

ONE STORY OUT OF A THOUSAND

BY ARKADY AVERCHENKO

A MAN from the Commissariat came to a Petrograd citizen of free Soviet Russia and said to him:

'Are you Gregory Nedoryezov?'

'I am.'

'You have been designated to come to-morrow to the meeting near the Modern Circus.'

'To come to the meeting as what?'

'As the audience, of course.'

'Yes, sir. And when do I have to applaud?'

'You'll know by watching a dark fellow with a pimpled face down front. When you see him start, clap for all you're worth. That's all you have to do.'

In order not to overlook the telegraphic signs of the dark fellow with a pimpled face, Gregory Nedoryezov

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pushed forward into the front row and stood within two steps of the orator, drinking ecstatically of the orator's magic words.

'Comrades,' bellowed the orator, bending forward so that it seemed he would break his body in half, 'the liberty we have won is threatened. The Polish imperialists are pressing against us on one side, the South Crimean White Guardists are coming from another. Only by the last gigantic effort can we save our precious freedom, and therefore all should be at the front. Am I right?'

His hearers sighed, changed from one foot to the other, and remained silent.

'Am I right?'

More sighs, and continued silence.

'Why are you silent? Perhaps, I am wrong, then tell me. Well? What do you say? Am I right?'

The orator's sharp glance darkened, his face frowned, as his eyes paused on Gregory Nedoryezov's bosom, from which, according to the orator's firm conviction, should have come the mighty shout.

'R-right!'

'Well, what do you say? You, comrade, for example! I mean the one in a woman's coat and with only one shoe on. Why don't you say something? I am asking you, "Am I right or am I wrong?"'

Gregory Nedoryezov sighed sorrowfully, and gazed down on the ground.

'What is the matter with you? Are you deaf and dumb?'

'No, on the contrary, I am all right, thank you.'

'Then, why do you remain silent, and just open and shut your mouth, like a fish taken out of the water? Now you tell us, was I right or wrong?'

Gregory Nedoryezov was as taciturn as his lonely shoe; perhaps, even more taciturn, for the shoe was so torn that its mouth was open all the time, showing rows of white wooden teeth, while Gregory's mouth was usually closed, like a suit-case which had been locked with a key that had been lost later on.

The orator shook his head and said with a sigh:

'Well, Comrade Oupokoinikov. Take the one who would not speak aside. I shall speak to him later on.'

'Won't you please?'

'Where are you taking me?'

'A very pretty girl is asking about you. She is waiting for you on the corner. Will you come, you . . . or shall I help you along with the rifle butt?'

As might have been expected, the information concerning the pretty young girl was rather exaggerated. Moreover, Gregory was not taken to the corner, but to a closed room, where no one waited for him, but he had to wait. Instead of the girl, the erstwhile orator came into the room, sat astride a chair and, looking at Nedoryezov who stood before him mournfully, said:

'Well, you wouldn't talk to me there, where so many people were present. Let's see if you'll talk now. Was I right or wrong?'

The lonely shoe, opening its mouth wide open, shouted its story to the whole world. But the owner of the shoe remained silent.

'So,' said the erstwhile orator with a sigh. 'Very well. Comrade Grobov, take this taciturn comrade to the prison, and shoot him on the spot in case of an attempt to escape.'

'I give you my word of honor that there will be no attempt to escape,' said Nedoryezov hastily. 'I give you my word of honor.'

'Yes, you may not want to escape, but they may think that you want to escape. We are all so tired and mixed up. How can you tell a walk from a run?'

Suddenly Nedoryezov said with an air of a man who had made a decision:

'All right. If I am doomed to perish, anyway, I'll tell you why I remained

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

silent. I remained silent because I did not know whether I should have said that you were right or wrong.'

'But haven't you a head on your shoulders?'

'Ah, Mr. Comrade, there is no rain before it begins to rain, there is no money, until you get some; but there is a head before it disappears. I had two brothers, Seryozha and Alyosha, and five minutes before they lost their heads, they had them, fixed securely to their shoulders, it seemed.'

'Well?'

'Let me begin with Seryozha. He was a fine fellow, knew all about things. So after thinking everything over, he came to a chief one like you and said to him, "Everything that you are doing is wrong. You promised bread, and the people are starving to death. You promised peace, and are chasing us from front to front like a lot of rabbits. You promised freedom, and when we have to bury a child or move from one house to another, we have to have ten permits and mandates. That is n't good. It's all wrong." Well, the chief one listened to him to the end, and said,

'"So everything is wrong?"

'"Very wrong."

'"All right, take him over to . . . and give your orders in case he attempts to escape."

'"But I won't try to escape."

'"Never mind, give the orders."

'So they took him away and gave the orders. We learned about it, Alyosha and I; we cried a little, and then Alyosha says, "I am going to talk differently to them. Now I know." So he went over to the chief one and says, "How good everything is now, and right! For instance, you promised bread, and here we have everything we want. You promised peace, and here we have God's own peace. You promised liberty, and good Lord, have n't we freedom now? Only now we can see the sun and breathe fresh air. Everything is right."

'And the chief one looked at him and said, "So everything is right?"

'"Everything."

'"All right, take him where he belongs and in case he tries to escape, give your orders."

'"But why do you send me there?"

'"What? For mockery, of course. What you said can be said only in mockery. Comrade Skeletov, please give the orders."

'They gave the orders.

'Now think for yourself, Comrade Orator, what was I to say? If I had said, "Right," you would have said, "Give your orders, Comrade Skeletov.' If I had said, "Wrong," you would still have said, "Give your orders, Comrade Skeletov." It will be better if I keep silent.'

But the erstwhile orator shook his head and said,

'But it won't do to be silent, either. Silence as a refusal to answer a categorical question is sabotage and boycott of the Government, punishable by imprisonment, and in case of attempt to escape, by. . . . In short, Comrade Grobov, please give your orders.'

The rare passers-by saw Gregory Nedoryezov on the deserted public square. In spite of his promise not to attempt to escape, he apparently did. He lay on the cobblestones, his feet bent under him, and it really seemed as though he were trying to run.

And it seemed that he had two mouths at the two extremities of his body. One of his mouths, in the shoe, gleaming with its rows of white wooden teeth, was open and shouted something at the dusty sky. The other mouth, the ordinary human one, was also wide open, but it had no teeth; they had been knocked out by rifle butts. And that other mouth was silent.

It will be silent until Judgment Day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT

BY JOSÉ MARIA CHACÓN Y CALVO

From *La Pluma, March*
(MADRID LITERARY MONTHLY)

I FELT an overpowering curiosity, mingled with an inexplicable dread, in my desire to know something of the elderly man with an absent-minded gaze, who was the subject of that picture of the '60's. The portrait preserved an indefinable expression, something reflecting the inner nature of the man, which reminded me in a startling way of a pen drawing which I discovered once among my family papers. This drawing represented a youth just on the verge of maturity, with a book open on the table in front of him, gazing out through a window upon a rural scene. The drawing was sketchy and vague, suggesting its subject with the sternest economy of lines, and reminded me of some of the early portraits of Rosetti, and also of the impression which the view of the country once made upon me when I saw it for the first time after a protracted illness. That youth had lived in the depths of a great peace. His life had not been checkered by great adventures or thrilling experiences. It had brought him neither great sorrow nor great gladness. Still, let that youth become an elderly man, habitually clothed in black, attending mass every morning, a member of several charitable societies — and his gaze, so perfectly mirrored in this portrait, would possess that inexplicable suggestion of mysterious grief, of concealed care, of presentiment of something forbidding, of resigned sadness — not apparent, perhaps, in everyday affairs, but leaving the echo of hollow footsteps in the heart.

To-day I am to meet an aged lady who knew the man whose portrait interests me and who cared for him. She is to tell me something of his life.

'He was a fine old man, my son, such a fine man that everyone in the town where he and his ancestors before him were born called him "the good gentleman." He never pressed men in distress to pay him. He never dunned worthy tenants for his rent. He often bestowed more than half of his generous income upon the town poor. He traveled over Europe and America when he was young, and wrote an elaborate journal of what he saw. He collected a choice library, where he spent much of his time. He always loved the country. I often used to hear him say: "Nothing pleases me like my country-town." He married there, and died there, an old man, after a perfectly tranquil and peaceful life, a peace unbroken from childhood through youth and maturity — that deep peace which is given by Heaven and which none may trouble.

'But that introspective gaze, that cast of melancholy, that secret something which you fancy you see in his portrait, springs from a very deep source in the simple and uneventful experience of that noble gentleman. He was ever conscious of the fact that this life which he was leading was growing less his own with every day that passed, that it was an inevitable repetition of another previous life, of a mysterious, vacillating, silent life outside of him, strangely associated with his existence, confused, sad, fatal.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here the kind old lady paused and took a picture from a great gilded album. With it was a folded sheet of note paper, yellow with age. I experienced a profound emotion when I looked at that beautiful picture and discovered that it bore a strong resemblance both to the portrait of the handsome old gentleman and to the drawing which had always reminded me of Rosetti. I read the note and a warm surge of sympathy welled through my being for its kindly and aged writer. It ran as follows:

Oh, thou pale youth with the pure forehead and the sad glance, where have I seen you before! What mysterious voice whispers in my ear that I, too, have that glance, which pictures the soul more truly, than does the deceptive body it tenants; that I too carry the same burden of melancholy? How distinctly a mysterious voice whispers to me, oh, my portrait friend, that some subtle bond unites us two, that in my vacillating soul there is the same impulse, the same boding anxiety as in thine; that your life and my life are interwoven.

I know nothing and I seek to know nothing about you. You lived many years ago. You passed from this world of ours without my knowing you. Silence, like a lovable penumbra, enveloped you in your lifetime. To-day I inquired — did they note the trembling of my voice? — of whom this picture was. People tried to remember. 'No, it is not Diego, the youngest son of my poor brother. No, not he, but somewhat like him.' I asked to see a picture of Diego, and my heart bounded with joy when I discovered that you, pale youth of my portrait, you of the sad glance, gently and noiselessly laying down your cane, were not Diego, nor do you resemble him in the slightest. So you continue unknown, and by that very fact, perhaps, possess a mysterious secret influence over me.

Some day, they will look for you in the album with the big seals and find your place vacant. No one will know — how could they? — the thrill of joy which I have felt in opening the gilded leaves of that ugly volume and cutting the paper bonds which imprisoned you there, in order that I might have you ever with me, and talk to you, and keep you with my secret papers. A peculiar thrill of pleasure passes through me in anticipation of our coming dialogues without words, of future communion with what you represent to me — perhaps, in the depths of the night when every sound is stilled and the Heaven is ablaze with the full moon's splendor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'LAGADIGADEÙ!' IN PROVENCE

BY R. L. G.

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, April* 16
(Liberal Political and Literary Weekly)

If it should happen to the reader of these lines at any time to be carried blindfold through space and set down in the street of a pleasant little town, and if, at the moment of his alighting and removing his bandage, the people should be scattered, say, by a sudden shower, and he should catch from one of them the exclamation 'Lagadigadeù,' he may know he is in Provence. Or if he descends near, perhaps, a chair-mender leisurely singing this song at his work in the sun on the pavement: —

Lagadigadeù!
La Tarasca
Lagadigadeù!
La Tarasca
Di Casteù!
Leissas la passa
La vièio masco!
Leissas la passa
Que vai dansa!

he may be almost certain that he is in Tarascon. This is the song that is sung there when the 'Tarasque,' the simulacrum of the dragon tamed by St. Martha, is paraded through the streets on her feast day; and when, as Fédéri Mistral says, 'the town is illuminated with dances, with cries, with uproar, and with joy.' To the accompaniment of this song 'the old witch' passes on her way. The song is popularly ascribed to 'Good King René,' that flowery pre-Raphaelite personage, a kind of happier Richard II, who always seems to me the expression in flesh and blood of everything that one means by 'Provence.' In *Anne of Geierstein* Sir Walter has drawn him with a master's pencil:

> René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed with a love of the fine arts which he carried to extremity, and with a degree of good humor which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, to a gay and thoughtless old age. . . . Among all his distresses, René feasted and received guests, danced, sang, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, studied to promote the mirth and good humor of his subjects.

Those were golden days. The world has known since then monarchs of a more ambitious and sinister description. The only thing that is doubtful in this portrait is the 'moderate parts.' Worldlings — not that Sir Walter was one of them, but he sometimes uncritically fell in with their way of speaking — are apt to disparage happiness. It always seems to them that Good King René or Good King Wenceslas must have been weak in the head. Be that as it may, I for my own part have little doubt that the poem of the 'Tarasque' which has lived on in the Midi from the fifteenth century is the good and wise King René's own.

Mr. Archibald Marshall's new book, *A Spring Walk in Provence* (Collins, Sons & Co.), set me thinking of Good King René and the Tarasque and Les Saintes-Maries, and the félibres and Fédéri Mistral, and took my mind back thirty years. At that time I was a great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traveler in these realms of gold with the aid of Provençal newspapers and the books of such writers as Paul Mariéton and Jean Aicard and Paul Arène, while outwardly sitting in a dreary lodging in a bleak and colorless north-country village. In Jean Aicard's book of poems, crowned by the French Academy, there is all the dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth; you hear through his verse the throbbing of the Provençal instruments, the galoubet and the tambourine — 'le tambourin grave et de bon conseil.' I think I was deep in these books from 1888 to 1891. After that I seemed to lose touch with the félibres. The word 'félibre,' by the way, was taken by Mistral from an old Provençal miracle play where it is used for the doctors with whom Jesus conversed in the Temple. They are called 'li set félibres de la lei' — 'the seven doctors of the law.' When I was, so to speak, *au courant* with the doings of the félibres the movement was a most fervent one in Southern France. Every other year there were great Provençal fêtes and conferences all over the Midi. In 1888 they were held at Orange, at Avignon and at Nîmes; in 1890 all over the South-West, at Agen, at Auch, at Toulouse, at Montauban, at Oloron, at St.-Sebastian. I am glad to see from Mr. Marshall's book that 'the movement is still very much alive.'

What the félibres were in revolt against was the absorbent and assimilating force of Paris — in one word, 'centralization.' Unity, they argued, need not imply uniformity. They were willing, nay, glad, to remain politically French; France was 'la grande Patrie,' but Provence was 'la petite Patrie,' and it was this 'little country' that they loved. The people of Southern France, of Provence and Aquitaine, feel themselves one race with the Catalans. Catalan, that very Frenchified Spanish, greatly resembles Provençal. 'Language in its way is a religion' was a saying of Renan, himself a Méridiona.' 'Provençal is not *the* French language,' said Jules Simon, 'but it is *a* French language.' It is spoken, or at any rate understood, by some twelve millions of people. The people of Marseilles at one time spoke three languages; they now limit themselves to two, French and Provençal. An Italian enthusiast, Alberto Rovere, published a book in 1889 in which he urged the adoption of Provençal as a universal language, and the establishment of Monaco as the capital of the United States of Europe.

The Provençal language had been in abeyance and neglect, the Provençal literature had been obscured, for five centuries. Its downfall dated from the angry Albigensian wars. It was lifted from a subterranean sort of existence to the light and air as a great poetic tongue by the genius of Mistral. He excavated it from the Provençal past. He dug for it as for generations they have dug for the treasure guarded by the 'Cabro d'oro' — the 'Chèvre d'or' — buried in the soil of Provence by the Saracens. Mistral did for Provençal what Dante did for the Tuscan *volgare*, and Mireille the heroine of his poem, was for Provençal what Beatrice was for Tuscan. Petrarch lived so long at Vaucluse that it is possibly only owing to the great influence of Dante that he celebrated the praises of Laura in Tuscan, and not in the *langue d'oc*. I have never had the happiness of seeing a copy of Mistral's Provençal dictionary, *Lou Trèsor dou Félibrige*, in which all the recovered treasures of lore and language, all that he dug out from the past or preserved of the life around him, are contained. *Pietas* was the characteristic stamped all over the great personality of Mistral. He preserved Provence, and Provence lived in him. His position among his compatriots was such that he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known as 'the Emperor of the South.' He took the diligence every Thursday from Maillane, where he lived all his life, to Graveson, and from there the train to Arles. He died at the age of eighty-four, a year or two before the war. What wonderful lives some people have!

Around him were gathered a whole galaxy of poets, Aubanel, Roumanille, Félix Gras, Mariéton, Paul Arène. They suffered from no lack of poetic material. Provence is Roman; history is more continuous and goes back farther there than in the North. The usual French proverb for 'the good old times,' for instance, is *quand Berthe filait*. This goes back no farther than some 'Bertha Broadfoot' or the like, some Carlovingian or Merovingian queen of the Dark or early Middle Ages. Its equivalent in Provençal is *quand Marthe filait — quand Marto fielavo*, when Martha, the sister of Mary and Lazarus, sat spinning tranquilly beside the Rhône. The Rhône, by the way, is the 'Rose' in Provençal, so that William Morris's 'Valley of the Rose' is actually the country of the troubadours. All Provence of course is full of the legend of Les Saintes-Maries. The great pilgrimage-day every year is May 25th.

Provence, even to-day, is the country of fêtes. It carries on the tradition of the good King René. Here are some sentences from Paul Arène: —

> Arles and Nîmes, in their amphitheatres built by the Romans, gilded by the sun, set the little bulls of the Camargue to fight; Béziers, bubbling like the vats of its cellars, in honor of the master-sculptor, Injalbert, and his titanic fountain, parades through a whole people dancing *Treilles et Chibalets*, the camel of Ste.-Aphrodise; Tarascon brings out her Tarasque; Orange to honor the work of a poet convokes to the grass-grown tiers of her Ciéri, under the incomparable *velum* of the night-sky studded with stars, on one evening twenty thousand spectators; Nice resuscitates the carnival; Marseilles, whose gulf is like a blue meadow where the white sails of boats represent the daisies, celebrates the Jeu de la Targue; Aubagne beats the tambourine to call Barbentane to the farandole. . . .

Well, I shall not walk about Provence this spring. I shall not see any of these things. I shall not be sitting at outdoor cafés reading the Provençal newspapers whose names are poems — *Lou gay saber*, the science of the troubadours; *La Cigalo d'or*, the golden cicala ('Cigalier' is an alternative name for 'félibre'), *Tron d'ér*, 'thunder of the air,' an expletive again, by hearing which the traveler knows he is in Languedoc. I shall not see the Tarasque at Tarascon nor the cardbord horses they lead about the street. I shall not be regaled in any wayside inn with the Provençal dishes, the *aioli*, the *bouillabaisse*, the *fougasses*. Not for me the *escargots* — 'cacalause' is their Provençal name — which are the especial *friandise* of the people of Roquevaire. There is a legend (told by Paul Arène) of four inhabitants of this town, who in dry seasons, when no snail shows its horns, collected them by night in this manner. One carried a drum, the second a lantern, the third a watering pot, and the fourth a basket. The roll of the drum simulated the thunder, the sudden flashing of the lantern the lightning, the watering-pot sent out a tinkling, glistening shower, the basket received the snails issuing from their holes and hiding-places to drink in the delicious refreshment. This story has given rise to the proverb in common use in Provence when it thunders and lightens: *Voilà le tambour de Roquevaire qui bat le rappel des escargots!* But not for me to hear on their native soil these *contes* of the country of good King René. *Pecaïre*, which is to say, 'alas!' *Pecaïre* and *lagadigadeù!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TANAGRA STATUETTE

BY MARCEL LAURENT

From *L'Echo de Paris, April* 9
(CLERICAL DAILY)

'So you like my Tanagra,' said the doctor, looking at me curiously.

'Yes indeed. It's an excellent little figurine, exquisitely wrought! What grace in the slenderness of that adorable little dancer! There can't be many like her in Paris.'

'No, I think she is quite unique. In securing her I marked her in a way — not visible but quite distinctive — which would allow me to identify her among a whole choreographic swarm. I have given her a place of honor on my desk. She is my favorite. She is very precious to me because she has a history.'

This was a temptation to ask the doctor to tell me the history of his lovely statuette. The curtains were drawn and the broad shelves of a stern, professional library hemmed us in. At the back of the room was a grave, mysterious, shadowy mantel. A bust of Æsculapius — at least it did n't represent a sarcastic Hippocrates — seemed to be mocking, from the height of its stand, the human woes which were confessed in hours of consultation in this sanctuary of physical miseries. His eyes — very black they were — twinkled maliciously behind his glasses. By this familiar trick I saw that the doctor was going to speak.

'Don't expect,' he said, 'the agonies of a story taken from the repertoire of Edgar Allen Poe. You would be deceived. There is nothing tragic in the case of my little Tanagra; but you will permit me with regard to her, to break the inflexible rules which a good story-teller observes. I'll be hanged if I'll begin at the beginning.

One evening after dinner I was reading here when an unknown man rang me up on an urgent call. A man of about thirty-five years was introduced, modestly dressed, like a clerk. He was very much agitated.

'Doctor,' said he, right away. 'I am in great difficulty. My wife has been struck down with pleurisy. Her fever exceeds one hundred and five. I have great confidence in you; I beg you to come and cure her.'

I held back. 'You've waited for this critical moment, I suppose, to call a doctor?'

'No, of course not.'

'Well, if your doctor who has the case should call me in consultation, I should come; but if not I must refuse. You will understand professional delicacy.'

Far from letting himself be convinced, my visitor begged me to come. Still I held back. However, I kept on questioning.

'After all, why do you choose me rather than any other of my colleagues? I am not a specialist in lung trouble. You and I are not neighbors. Who urged you to come to me?'

'A providential chance. I found your name in a notebook of my wife's. I thought that heaven had revealed you to me.'

The poor man was overcome. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touched me and interested me. His name, as I have said, was unknown to me. How could my name appear in the sick woman's notebook?

However, an explanation seemed simple enough. My practice is very large. I often receive traveling people who do not give me any address. They just pay cash. Sometimes I see them some days, some weeks, some months, or even some years afterwards. 'Ah,' they say, 'this is you.' Then I have a vague idea of the peculiarities of their anatomy. But I am not so well posted as their milkman on their families and their position in society. The wife of my visitor, I thought, must probably have been one of these passing patients who succeed one another in the big armchair where you are now sitting.

A carriage was waiting for us below, and took us to the *Rue des Dames*. We climbed a very narrow stairway which grazed the lamps. At the third landing a door was unlatched and we went in. At the sound of our footsteps in the vestibule, an old woman, who was acting as a nurse, came to meet us and let us into a rather ill-furnished room where a woman lay in bed. This woman was young in appearance, her hair in tangled disorder about her ears, and she was crying frantically in a sort of delirium. The thermometer marked one hundred and four. I sounded the patient's lungs, while the husband, bending over anxiously, sought to find out what I thought The diagnosis was not very favorable. The lungs were terribly filled, nevertheless the heart appeared strong. The organism was fighting valiantly.

I got up slowly, as I usually do when I have to think before giving my opinion. I prescribed a strong medicine which had not been given. I recommended baths to lower the temperature, and I devoted myself to calming the husband: 'Don't be afraid, the situation is by no means desperate.'

My intention was to stop there, but the next day the doctor who had the case, a very young colleague indeed, telephoned me, joining his plea to that of the husband in begging me to keep up my interest in the sick woman. He made an appointment for consultation with me. Under the circumstances my conscience forbade my refusing. So I went back to the *Rue des Dames*. Seven days of battle and then we conquered. The pleurisy, now at the end of its acute period, gave in quickly. One evening it still held its own at one hundred; the next morning it was reduced to ninety-nine. I then noticed that the patient, coming back to herself, looked at me with a curious and marked astonishment. No doubt she was literally appalled to behold me at her bedside. She seemed absolutely stupefied.

'It was a lucky thing that you knew this fine doctor, *hein?*,' her husband said to her, delighted by the announcement of the patient's convalescence.

She made no reply, obviously avoiding my glance with the facility which very weak people have, since they can easily pretend to be faint. For my part I examined her with attention, without succeeding in remembering the old ailment which had caused me to visit her. Still you can imagine how difficult it must be, in the presence of someone whom you barely know, observing her on a sickbed, to recall the chance client, perhaps in fairly good condition, seen in the haste of a consultation.

The prospective cure put an end to my rôle. I decided now to leave to my colleague the work of guarding her convalescence. In a low voice I gave the husband to understand this. He squeezed my hand with effusion, and begged me to wait a minute in the *salon*, one of those little bourgeois *salons* in the simplest sense of the word, with a collection of badly-matched pieces of furniture bought one after an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other: an artificial bronze ornament on the mantelpiece, an upright piano surmounted by a crystal vase holding an artificial bouquet, which constituted the principal ornament, and an improvised decoration. There I sat down on a sofa by the side of a diminutive centre table on which had been disposed the most precious objects of the *ménage:* statuettes, *bonbonnières*, and then I distinguished, next to a snuffbox which struck me very much indeed, a Tanagra statuette, — the Tanagra which you see here,' said the doctor, showing me the lovely little figurine which danced upon his desk.

I singled out this Tanagra with such interest that I listened only very distraughtly to my companion, who was pouring out his infinite gratitude and assuring me that he would never be able to pay completely the debt he had contracted. In fact he gushed out upon me all those warm conventional words which would make a vain practitioner think for a moment that he is really capable of taking Nature's place in saving his fellow man.

'Doctor,' he said, 'how much do I owe you? I want to know right now?

At this moment I was so absorbed in the inspection of the little Tanagra that I had picked it up in order to bring it nearer to my eyes. The husband insisted:

'Tell me, doctor, five hundred francs? a thousand francs? We are not very rich, but we have our savings. How much do you want?'

Then, without letting go of the statuette for a moment, I replied, 'This,' pointing to it.

He cried out, 'That! That is nothing in compensation of my debt to you. That statuette is a mere trifle. My wife brought it in one evening and said that she got it for *nothing!*'

'That's all right,' I replied obstinately. 'You have been so kind as to ask what I should like. I have told you — this statuette. I refuse all other fees.' In the end I took away, jealously guarded, the Tanagra, which pleases you now. And now, if you want to know why I keep it on my desk instead of placing it in my *salon*, I will tell you. It is a measure of precaution. The truth is that it used to be in the *salon* from which my temporary client stole it — do you understand me, *stole it.* For she was a professional thief from the waiting-rooms of doctors, that woman, whose husband was so anxious to pay me in full. The distinguishing mark on the statuette could not be mistaken. I should have been inconsolable over this pilfering . . . I should not have been so bad, you see, if I had returned to my very good friend, Dr. Durthis, my neighbor, the carved snuffbox, which was standing right next to my Tanagra in that little parlor. But I did n't want to create any scandal, nor to pass for a gewgaw fiend.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TINKER'S WOOING

BY E. C. WICKHAM

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

ALONE with the ass, on the open road,
And no one to share my wide abode;
Single, the jingle of pot and pan
Must answer my voice, says the Tinker Man.
Alone in the night, and alone in the day,
Alone in the gold, and alone in the gray,
As Adam himself, when the world began,
So I'll wed me a wife, says the Tinker Man.

Tinker, Tailor, young girls say,
I must wed a thief one day,
Drover, and Draper, and Publican,
But the first in the line is the Tinker Man.

The Poacher has his traps and gins:
The Housewife rags and rusty tins:
The Cook has kettles, half a score,
That I must mould and mend once more.
The Dairymaid has pails and pans,
The Gardener with his watering cans,
They all must trade with the Tinker Man,
And so they did since the roads began.

So I'll get me a girl with moon-dyed hair,
And a face as sweet as the morning air;
She shall not sew, she shall not spin,
She'll have no need to wash and wring:
She shall not churn, with arms that ache,
Nor sweep, nor scrub, nor brew, nor bake,
Nor feed the pigs, nor tend the fowls,
But call the larks, and bats, and owls.
The woods for her bower, the moor for her hall,
And the edge of the world for her garden wall.
The road for her stair, and the wind for her fan,
She'll ride, as the bride of the Tinker Man.
An egg to her breakfast, a fowl to her tea,
So she shall fare, who goes with me,
The Bride of the decent Tinker Man:
Who'll mind her, and find her the best he can.

Tinker, Tailor, young girls say,
Wed a rogue and weep away.
Drover, and Draper, and Publican,
But the first in the line is the Tinker Man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

TRESPASSERS

BY F. W. BATESON

[*The Spectator*]

GAUNTLY outlined, white and still,
Three haystacks peer above the hill;
Three aged rakes thrust sprawlingly
Fantastic tendons to the sky.

In the void and dismal yard,
Farmer's dog keeps rasping guard,
Challenging night's trespassers,
The solemn legions of the stars;
Growling ignominious scorn
At Cancer and at Capricorn.

The yellow stars, serene and prim,
Tolerantly stare at him.

THE SINGING FAIRY

BY R. F.

[*Punch*]

THERE was a fairy once
  Who lived alone
In a mossy hole
  Under a stone.

Never abroad she went;
  Only at night
When the moon was clear
  And the stars bright

High on the stone she stood,
  Lifted her head
And stayed singing there
  Till the dark fled.

All the woods listened then,
  Not a leaf stirred;
Sweeter far the song
  Than song of bird.

Whence and how it came
  None ever knew —
None but the fairy —
  And me — and you.

THE FLOOR OF PARADISE

BY MARGARET CURLE

[*The Poetry Review*]

Too radiant for our mortal eyes,
The sea has turned to gold:
The very floor of Paradise,
A marvel to behold!

Perhaps the Master walks the sea,
As once he trod of yore:
And that is why it seems to be
A part of Heaven's floor!

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

BY EDITH J. McGAVIN

[*The Poetry Review*]

OH, Maytime in England
What month is so sweet!
Blue sky up above us,
Green grass at our feet.

Gold flowers in the meadow,
White bloom on the bough,
Oh Maytime, sweet Maytime
Is here with us now.

The scent of the lilac,
The song of the lark,
The sunshine that cheers us
From daybreak till dark,

The moon that illumines
The night with her ray —
All weave of their beauty
A garment for May.

Then Spring bends to Summer,
And Summer greets Spring
With kisses as soft
As a butterfly's wing.

Oh, Maytime in England!
But stay — I forget
That Maytime in England
Is frequently wet!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MR. J. C. SQUIRE ON 'THE DOMESDAY BOOK'

MR. J. C. SQUIRE, editor of the *London Mercury* and literary critic of the *Observer* has reviewed *The Domesday Book*, which was until very lately the most recent work of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters. Mr. Masters, however, is too prolific for the critics to keep up with him, and the same page which carries the review bears an advertisement of the English edition of his new book, *Mitch Miller*.

Perhaps Mr. Squire will like *Mitch Miller* better than he likes *The Domesday Book* which he reviews with occasional, but scarcely discoverable, approval. Admitting that 'there is a great deal of thought and observation in it, much sense and speculation, an unusual amount of charity,' he declares that 'it is tedious all the same. It is a novel in verse; the novel is not a very fascinating novel and the verse is far from good verse.' Then Mr. Squire asks an unkind question: 'What on earth induced him to take to writing verse?'

Mr. Masters in writing *The Domesday Book* evidently had *The Ring and the Book* in mind. Mr. Squire, perhaps recalling Claverley's famous parody of that endless poem, closes his article with two compositions of his own, in the style of the book he is reviewing. One is devoted to the Crippen murder and the other to Mr. Masters himself. The parodies are so good that one regrets they were written too late to be included in the reviewer's recent volume of *Collected Parodies*. Here is his idea of the way in which *The Domesday Book* was composed:

And Edgar Masters, warmed up to his work,
Ploughed steadily on, a hundred lines a day.
He'd done her mother, father, lovers twain,
The coroner, the man who found her dead,
The old school-friend who saw her in the street,
The man who gave her money on her watch,
And dozens more; and when he neared the end,
He said 'I'll end this story with a snap,'
And brought in quite an unexpected lover,
Concluding with much free morality.
And then the book was printed, bound, despatched,
Sent out to the reviewers, of whom one
Felt strongly that, if this were really verse.
Verse were an easier thing to write than prose.

*

CONDUCTOR OR ORCHESTRA?

A WRITER in the *Musical Times*, a British musical magazine, indignant at apparent failure of audiences to appreciate the efforts of orchestral players, contrasting with their lively appreciation of the conductor's, indulges in this bit of fantasy:

It wanted but five minutes to eight. The conductor sat on the floor of his rostrum, unnoticed save by a few of his personal friends in the stalls. A stir among the audience, and the orchestra streamed in from four entrances, gracefully acknowledging the hearty roar of welcome from the audience. Having settled themselves, the leader, reaching forward with his bow, stirred up the conductor and the concert began. . . .

At the close of a magnificent performance the players had to rise again and again in response to the enthusiasm of the packed hall. After they had, for the seventh time, bowed to S., S.E., S.W., and W., they waved the conductor to his feet, saying, as plainly as action could say, 'Mostly to us be the praise, of course, but not solely. To this good fellow also let at least one laurel leaf be cast.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DICKENS AND THE BRONTË SISTERS

A BOOK which raises an interesting literary problem was sold in London the other day. It is a copy of *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*, the first and unsuccessful literary venture of the Brontë sisters, once owned by Charles Dickens. In distributing a few gift copies, Charlotte Brontë lamented that 'in the space of a year the publisher has disposed of but two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of these two, himself only knows.' No gift copy is known to have been sent to Dickens. Was he one of those two unknown purchasers? One would like to think so.

✻

TALES OF THE SAMURAI

A FEW of the innumerable legends of feudal Japan are made available for English readers in a new book by Mr. Asataro Miyamori, Professor of English in Toyo University, Tokyo. It is called *Tales of the Samurai* (Tokyo: Kyō-Bun-Kwan. Ginza. 4 yen.) and sets forth, in a remarkably good English style, incidents of the days when great territorial barons ruled in hereditary strongholds, supported by devoted knights, every one of them vowed to regard his lord's word as law and ready to sacrifice property, life, family, honor itself, at his command.

Such tales as these are still told nightly in the *yose*, the unpretentious public halls which are found in every Japanese town, where hundreds of men, women, and children gather to listen eagerly — most eagerly of all to the tales of the *gundan-shi*, a class of story-tellers who recount only war-like adventures.

Professor Miyamori some years ago wrote an excellent book on the *Noh* drama, giving succinct summaries of the historic plays, some of which still hold the stage. A distinction is to be made between the Toyo (Oriental) University, in which Professor Miyamori has his chair, and the University of Tokyo. The former is a private institution, in which the courses are largely in literature and philosophy; whereas the latter is a state institution offering instruction in all branches, much as in an American or European university.

✻

IN SIR JAMES BARRIE'S KIRRIEMUIR

A CURIOUS fact with regard to the town of Kirriemuir, made famous by Sir James Barrie in *A Window in Thrums*, has been brought to light by a writer in the London *Graphic*. Soon after the publication of the book, the town council made such sweeping changes in the names of streets that the visitor scarcely knew he was in Sir James' country. 'Tannage Brae' became 'Bridge Street'; 'Belle's Brae,' 'Baillie Street'; 'Tillyloss' (where Sir James was born) 'Newton Bank,' and so on, although the aggrieved author made indirect protests.

When remonstrance became more general it was met with the rebuke 'Maudlin sentiment,' and the crushing inquiry, 'Wha was Jamie Barrie, ony wa'?' But presently an inhabitant of Kirriemuir whose family has been established there since the sixteenth century, refused to allow a water-pipe to be run through one of his fields until the council agreed to restore the old street names. For reasons of plumbing, then, rather than of literature, Kirriemuir is still recognizable to-day to the lover of Barrie's works.

✻

A MEMORIAL TO 'HIGHLAND MARY'

A NEW memorial is to be erected to Mary Campbell, the 'Highland Mary' of Burns's poem, at the point where the Fail joins the River Ayr. On May 14,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1786 the poet and his sweetheart stood on opposite sides of this little stream, dipped their hands in its water, and exchanged Bibles in token of their mutual pledges. After plighting their troth the lovers separated temporarily, with the intention of sailing together to the West Indies. Mary died, however, in October of the same year, and was buried in the Old West Churchyard at Greenock. The present memorial replaces a column standing over her grave in the churchyard, which was removed some time ago.

✽

A NEW TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE

THE first volume of a new edition of Shakespeare has just appeared from the Cambridge University Press, under the editorship of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. John Dover Wilson. *The Tempest* is the play which opens the new series.

The new edition is of especial importance because it represents a fresh and independent recension of the text, and, in the words of the editors, an effort to 'cut Shakespeare free from the accretions of a long line of editors.' In 1909 Mr. A. W. Pollard made new and valuable suggestions which enabled Shakespearean scholars to distinguish with increased accuracy between the good and bad Quartos. This pointed the way to the establishment of a new text, based on the First Folio and on carefully selected Quartos.

In the new Shakespeare each play, as usual, follows one of the early editions. In *The Tempest* it is the First Folio which is chosen. For some plays one or another of the Quartos will have to be selected, but in every case the early text which furnishes the point of departure will be selected after a critical study of the probable nature of the 'copy' from which it was set by the Elizabethan printers. This implies much less combination of the early editions than in most modern texts, though of course no editor can get along without the use of several. The old English script, which Shakespeare is known to have written, instead of the more modern 'Italian' handwriting then just coming into use, is treated as an important clue to the misprints which abound in Folios and Quartos.

One interesting and very plausible emendation has been made in Prospero's summons to Ariel:

> 'Come with a thought: I *think* thee, Ariel: come,'

which replaces the more usual and far less poetic reading given by most texts,

> 'I *thank* thee, Ariel.'

The spirit's reply:

> 'Thy *thoughts* I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?'

lends ample confirmation to the new reading.

✽

JAPANESE IMPERIAL POETRY

THE visit of Crown Prince Hirohito to England has aroused interest in everything relating to the Japanese Imperial family. The London *Morning Post* prints verses by his grandmother, Haruko, which are now engraved on the gates of all the girls' high schools in Japan. The poem has suffered somewhat in translation and in form bears little relation to the original *Uta:*

The diamond's best rays
  Flash from the carved stone;
So genius wins praise
  By labor alone.
The hand on the dial
  Goes ceaselessly round,
And the ultimate goal
  By the worker is found.

A fluid takes shape
  Of the vessel that holds it;
A soul, too, is formed
  Of all that enfolds it.
Choose therefore thy friends
  'Mid the learned and wise,
That straining to them
  Thyself thou mayst rise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIPLING IN RUSSIAN

ONE of the most popular plays at the Special Children's Theatre at Moscow during the last season, was a Russian dramatization of Kipling's *Jungle Stories*, entitled *Mowgli*. Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird* and Dickens's *The Cricket on the Hearth* are close seconds. Productions of these plays are given under the new requirement of the Bolshevist educational authorities, that every house of entertainment must give one free performance for children every week.

✻

THE YOUTHFUL 'SIX' COMPOSERS

A CONCERT in London largely devoted to the works of that somewhat puzzling group of French composers, 'The Six' has led an English critic to investigate their ages. This is his table:

Georges Auric. Aged 22.
Francis Poulenc. Aged 22.
Darius Milhaud. Aged 29.
Arthur Honegger. Aged 29.
Louis Durey. Aged 33.
Germaine Tailleferre. Age unstated, but looks about 22.

It is a little difficult to see what bond unites these musicians. They profess 'a reaction against impressionism,' and 'a return to simplicity.' 'One of Them,' who gives no further clue to his identity, writing in a musical magazine, says:

It is probable that the first of these has been realized, though it must be admitted that others have preceded us in this path, notably Maurice Ravel, Florent Schmitt, and Igor Stravinsky.

NEW LIGHT ON CHARLES LAMB

MR. E. V. LUCAS, in his edition of the works of Charles Lamb, printed as 'possibly Lamb's' eight lines bearing the title 'On a Visit to St. Paul's,' and in the Oxford edition these verses were printed with the note, 'The attribution may be regarded as all but certain.' Now these lines, with only minor differences, occur in the concluding portion of a poem which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 9, 1821. The whole production may be credited to Lamb without much doubt.

✻

THE REPAIR OF ST. PAUL'S.

David's wise son, renown'd in sacred song,
Ere yet 't was known that kings could do no wrong,
Refus'd to leave his Maker in the lurch,
Nor built his Palace till he'd built a Church;
But modern Priests have no such saintly call,
Build Fulham first, and then repair St. Paul.

Oh, could the air dispens'd from circling stove,
Warm as a Bishop's zeal or Christian love,
Dispens'd through staircase, passages and hall
Of that Right Reverend house Episcopal,
With comfortable warmth, O, Paul! pervade
The damp, dull mould'rings of thy chill arcade!

But ah! I fear the comforts of the see
Will ne'er extend, unhappy Paul, to thee —
Though traveling eastward, they have reach'd as far
As the new mansion in St. James's Square.

What can be hop'd from Priests who, gainst the Poor,
For lack of two-pence, chain the church's door? —
Who, true successors of the ancient leaven,
Erect a turnpike on the road to Heaven?
'Knock, and it shall be open'd,' said our LORD;
'Knock, and pay two-pence,' say the Chapter Board:
The showman of the booth the fee receives,
And GOD's house is again a 'den of thieves.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED